

The Expositor and Current Anecdotes

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THE PREACHER AND HIS SALARY ✓

WHAT SHOULD BE THE MINIMUM? SHOULD HE BE PAID AS WELL AS A COMMON LABORER OR A SKILLED LABORER?

In his lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," Russell H. Conwell tells how a young preacher once upbraided him for lecturing for money. He said that it was contrary to import of Scripture. Conwell agreed to stop if he could produce the Scripture.

"Why, where it says that money is the root of all evil," was the reply.

Conwell turned to the text and asked him to read it. He read that it was the "love of money" that is the root of evil.

"Don't you love it when you lecture for it?"

"No," said Conwell, "but I do love to do the things that money accomplishes for others." He then referred to the Temple college and other enterprises of his church.

When Thomas Dixon gave up the pulpit for fiction there was some newspaper comment as to his reason. His young son is said to have asked him why he really did quit preaching. The father said, "I suppose the Almighty Dollar had something to do with it."

"Why did you put the Almighty to it?" was the next question.

Twenty-five years ago it was a common complaint of the ungodly, and often used as an argument against the church and the sincerity of the preachers, that the preacher was in it for the money there was in the job.

There is a story of a preacher having a call to two places, and being asked which he would accept, he replied he was praying over it. But the wife had already given their destination to inquiring friends, fixing it on the place that had offered the larger salary.

Thus a mistaken idea of the Scripture, and the minister's false sensitiveness, or fear of being accused of working for money, and the impression that God hates money as the devil hates holy water, have all had their influence on preachers' reluctance to discuss their salary. They appear at times almost hypocritical in their apparent carelessness as to money.

The ordinary preacher will stand almost any accusation rather than that of being mercenary. He will go to churches without definite arrangements or contracts as to how much and how often the salary is to be paid. He becomes indebted to the grocer, butcher and baker and loses his influence with business men in general, and justifies himself because he is

not paid and can't pay when he hasn't anything. Often this condition is due to lack of foresight and the exercise of common sense which the apostles might have added to their lists of virtues if it had been as scarce an article in their day as now.

Living expenses have increased rapidly during the past few years, but only a few suburban churches have made much of an effort to increase the pastor's salary, and the smaller the salary the more irregularly it is paid.

The Christian layman is as responsible for what he owns or earns as the Christian minister. God expects from him just as much self-denial and self-sacrifice as from the minister. If it is wrong to work for money and make your work so good that it is worth more money—it is just as culpable in the layman as in the minister.

There are many business men and employees, earnest Christians who are working for more than money, but they don't go around offering to work for less money than their fellowmen, and count it as a mark of holy zeal. They use their money differently from those who have no other end in view than the double-barred S.

From the standpoint of trades-unionism the preacher is a "scab." Let us look into the facts in the case and see if there isn't food for reflection.

Laying aside for a moment the fact that the priest of a religion is entitled to a living, consider the actual wealth a church adds to a community and see if he isn't entitled to something as an actual producer.

The social privileges of a church produce marriages, more of the home-making marriages than any other kind. Homes create the demand for the supply of the larger per cent of business.

Let us now look into a few statistics to determine if the minister is paid enough. According to the last census the average wages of male workers in New England cotton factories was under \$300; the average of 60 per cent of the anthracite coal region was under \$450, and the mass of unskilled laborers in the north receive less than \$460 a year, and in the south less than \$300.

In "Social Progress," Josiah Strong gives

the average income per family in all parts of the United States as \$751 and the total expenditures as \$689.

In the expenditures it is interesting to note the following percentages:

Labor and other organizations	1.17
Amusements and vacations	1.60
Intoxicating liquors	1.62
Tobacco	1.42
Religious purposes99
Charity31

Apparently we Christians don't love God as much as a smoker loves his pipe, and our love for our fellow man at .31 is very thin.

According to this no preacher should be receiving less than \$751 per year, or he is unconsciously advocating a wage rate lower than the average. If he has less than \$689 he is living for less than the average family in the United States.

Following are some wage figures from a recent issue of *Collier's Weekly*, to which we have added the salaries from the same district of preachers of the Methodist and Congregational churches, the Presbyterian average so far as we could learn being slightly higher than the average of the two mentioned.

Wage-Earners and Teachers as quoted by *Collier's Weekly*:

UNION RATES OF WAGES IN NEW YORK.

	Day	Year
Bricklayer	\$5.60	\$1680.00
Mason	4.40	1320.00
Carpenter	4.80	1440.00
Plasterer	5.30	1590.00
Hod-carrier	3.00	900.00
Tile Layer	5.00	1500.00
Cabinet-maker	4.00	1200.00
Steam Fitter	5.00	1500.00
Stationary Engineer	5.00	1500.00
Electrical Worker	4.50	1350.00
Printer (per week)	21.00	1092.00
Linotype Operators (per week)	23.00	1196.00
Tile Layer's Helper	3.00	900.00

THE PAY OF TEACHERS.

	Month	Year
Bucks Co., Pa.	\$35.00	\$245.00
Hazleton, Pa.	35.00	350.00
Chester, Pa.	40.00	380.00
Georgetown, Del.	35.00	315.00
All Idaho (male av.)	71.03	710.30
All Ida. (female av.)	55.90	559.00
New York City (min., female)	60.00	600.00
New York City (min., male)	90.00	900.00
Elmira, N. Y. (male average)		593.00
Elmira, N. Y. (female average)		423.00
Columbia Coll., N. Y. 111 professors (av.)		3746.85
39 adj. professors (av.)		2126.92

THE PAY OF PREACHERS.

	Per Year.	
	Meth.	Congl.
Bucks Co., Pa.	\$576.00	
Chester, Pa.	1500.00	
All Idaho	513.00	\$783.00
New York City	†1823.00	*1803.00
Elmira, N. Y.	1157.00	1000.00

* Including four who got \$36,000, the average was \$2910.

† Including ten who got \$57,250, the average was \$2153.

The average salary of the best paying denominations in the cities is not paid as well as the skilled worker. The average for Idaho, while less than the average expenditure per family, is not as bad as some states where in towns of 1,000 or less, all the demoninations are represented. In Bucks Co., Pa., five of the thirteen Methodist preachers receive less than \$350. In Idaho six of the twenty Congregational preachers receive less than \$400. Of the forty-four Methodist preachers in Idaho, twenty-three receive less than \$400.

From this and from results of a special subscription offer made to those with less than \$400 salary, it is estimated that fully 25 per cent and more, probably 33 1-3 per cent of the preachers in the United States receive less than \$400 salary a year. After ten years' experience I would estimate that one-third of the preachers of the United States receive an average of less than \$400 a year, one-third an average of \$800 a year and about one-third an average of from \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year.

These figures are those reported as paid by the local church, so do not include the additions to the salary from the Home Mission Boards or from the boxes of clothing sent to the frontier by the Woman's Home Missionary Societies. Another thing that lowers the average is the large number of small churches round each theological seminary, which form a practice school for the theological seniors, paying a small salary for the partial service.

Thirteen out of sixteen trades mentioned pay \$1,200 or over a year, and any one of them can be learned in half the time it takes a preacher to learn his trade, and then only one-third of the highest salaried receive what is the average wage paid to skilled labor all over the United States, while one-third receive about the average income of families, native and foreign, and one-third receive less than common laborers.

If people would spend as much on religion as they do on either tobacco, amusements or intoxicating liquors, no pastor would receive less than \$600, while another third would receive \$1,200 a year and the other third \$1,800 a year.

But this cannot be expected, but a great deal can be done for the third getting less than \$400 a year by a little brotherly co-operation. If the facts were presented to church boards that it cost the average family \$689 a year to live, it might cause them to consider whether they were obeying the Scriptural injunction not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. That the conditions in this article are correctly stated is proven by the receipt of a letter from an Easton, Pa., pastor, saying: "I have been obliged to leave the pastorate owing to increased expenses of living."

(Write us as to whether your salaries are adequate, and tell us what we can do to help you if they are inadequate. Don't write more than 200 or 300 words. We will devote several pages of the June number to a discussion of this subject. The articles on "How a preacher may supplement his salary" will appear in May. One writes that horse-trading is the least objectionable of all the means he has tried.—Ed.)

THE NEW THEOLOGY CONTROVERSY

ROBERTSON NICOLL'S OPINION OF THE NEW THEOLOGY AND REGINALD J. CAMPBELL.

What is known as the new theology is preached from quite a number of pulpits in the United States and a much larger number in England.

It has attracted very little attention, and aroused very little controversy. Rev. Dr. Crapsey, of Rochester, passed out of the Episcopal Church on account of preaching it, his particular rock of offense being the virgin birth.

But theological England is stirred over the storm, gathering for the past year, which has broken over the head of Reginald J. Campbell and his utterances in the City Temple Pulpit, where he succeeded Joseph Parker. Campbell visited America two years ago and preached in a number of the leading pulpits. There was nothing very noteworthy at that time in his preaching. But for some time the crowds have been increasing at his Sunday and week-day services, and attention is called by his friends that he was reaching the non-church going business men and clerks.

His enemies credit him with enthusiasm, honesty and sincerity of purpose, but no one seems to claim much for his scholarship.

From a distance it appears that he kept crowding on sail instead of taking a reef when gales of popularity came his way. Not having the necessary scholarship to ballast him he seems to be unable to steer any course or to make headway towards any theological port, new or old. In other words, he seems to be very much at sea.

Following is his biography from the British, 1900, *Who's Who*:

CAMPBELL, Reginald John, Congregationalist Minister; b. London, 1867; s. and g. s. of Nonconformist Ministers, Ulster Protestants of Scottish extraction. *Educ*: privately; University Coll., Nottingham; Christ Church, Oxford. Graduate in Honours in School of Mod. History and Political Science, Oxon.; Associate of Victoria Institute, Philosophical Society of Great Britain. Formerly a teacher; entered Congregational Ministry, 1895; stationed at Union Church, Brighton; member of Brighton School Board; known throughout country as a preacher. *Publications*: Making of an Apostle; The Restored Innocence, 1898; Early Christianity and the Evangelical Faith, 1899; many published articles, sermons, and addresses. *Recreations*: horse-riding and cycling.

Following are some of his statements. While they are taken out of their setting they seem to represent his views as he has not denied them thus far and to take them out of the sermons where they appeared is doing no great violence, considering Mr. Campbell's statement that he chooses a text an hour or two before preaching and says what come into his mind. We quote from the *British-Weekly*:

Mr. Campbell claims for his pronouncements another sanction than that of knowledge or reflection. He claims to be divine in the same sense as our Lord is divine. Of course he makes the same claim for every human being.

But we ask the particular attention of our readers to the following passage from a sermon delivered by Mr. Campbell shortly before the present newspaper controversy broke out. The sermon is reported in the *Christian Commonwealth* of November 29, 1906. In the course of it Mr. Campbell passionately denounces his critics. He concludes as follows:

"There seems to be something in the average religious character tending to disingenuousness; a high standard of religious profession seems to be compatible with a comparatively low standard of loyalty to truth. Religious people are often found willing to employ the weapons of slander, misrepresentation, and petty persecution in order to destroy if they can an unpopular doctrine. But it is all in vain; they might just as well try, like Chanute and his courtiers, to forbid the waves of the ocean from making their heaven-guided advance. Therefore, with all solemnity and deliberation, I say these men are liars, like their predecessors in days of old. Liars, not so much by what they say as by what they do not say. Liars, by trying to ignore, or misrepresent, or distort the truth, preaching as though they do not believe it when they do. Liars, because they will not look facts in the face; liars using the name of God, 'Woe unto you, ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.' 'Ye that love the uppermost seats in the synagogues.' You are on the side of darkness and wrong.

Your lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm and things that hate,
And roam by night and miss the gate—
The happy gate that leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And love and law are both the same,
Named with an everlasting name.

In contending for your own self-interest you are contending against God. 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision.' As Jesus said to his contemporaries, 'If any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world. He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.'

We have no idea at whom Mr. Campbell was aiming, but we ask the reader carefully and thoughtfully to consider the temper of this passage and the claim involved in the last sentences.

It has been evident for some time that Mr. Campbell has set himself to get rid of the Christian doctrine of sin. In the sermon printed in the *British Congregationalist* on December 6th, 1906, Mr. Campbell said:

"Again, the Gospel has often been represented as though it had relation principally to the putting away of sin and its consequences, and as though God were thinking of little else.

But is not this a somewhat unreasonable supposition? Why should God have created man, and placed him in circumstances where sin was not only possible but practically inevitable, and then cursed him for yielding to it? One would have thought that, if the latter were so extremely serious as it has often been presented, he would have taken greater pains to secure us from the power if it. Again, why should sin be considered so all-important in the universe of God, and so baffling to his purpose? Surely humanity, and not Diety, has been the principal sufferer therefrom. What harm has sin ever done to God? To put it not irreverently, I trust, but absurdly, I know, he has certain compensations—omniscience and omnipotence, for example. Again, if sin be so all-important, surely there is a curious disproportion between God's dealings with humanity and his dealings with his universe as a whole. . . . Our emphasis upon it has actually been morbid and unhealthy. We have been like children in a sick-room, making evil faces out of the wall paper and frightening ourselves."

It is with the greatest unwillingness that we print the following frightful passage:

Examiner, March 29, 1906.

"Sin itself is a quest for God—a blundering quest, but a quest for all that. The man who got dead drunk last night did so because of the impulse within him to break through the barriers of his limitations, to express himself, and to realize the more abundant life. His self-indulgence just came to that; he wanted, if only for a brief hour, to live the larger life, to expand the soul, to enter untrodden regions, and gather to himself new experiences. That drunken debauch was a quest for life, a quest for God. Men in their sinful follies today, and their blank atheism, and their foul blasphemies, their trampling upon things that are beautiful and good, are engaged in this dim, blundering quest for God, whom to know is life eternal. The *roue* you saw in Piccadilly last night, who went out to corrupt innocence and to wallow in filthiness of the flesh, was engaged in his blundering quest for God."

The *British Weekly* closes with the following:

It is not everyone who is fitted to discuss these subjects in the pulpit, though many will be called to do so. But it is necessary that at this moment Christian ministers and Christian laymen should show their colors. The positive truth should be preached. Religious life and teaching do not consist in mere protests and negations. We may disbelieve the errors of certain teachers, and yet fail to accept the truth of the Gospel. Let that truth be preached in its glorious fullness. Carlyle's protest is worth remembering at the present moment. "Instead of heroic martyr conduct and inspired and soul-sustaining eloquence whereby religion itself was brought home to our bosoms to live and reign there, we have 'Discourses on the Evidences' endeavoring with the smallest result to make it probable that such a thing as

religion exists. The most enthusiastic evangelicals do not preach a gospel, but keep describing how it should and might be preached." This error must not be committed. The people are awake, listening with a new interest to what is said to them. They long for the old Gospel preaching. They will despise the man who seeks to evade and escape. "Under which flag, Bezonian? Speak or die!"

CAMPBELL'S ARRAIGNMENT.

We have no man in this country like Robertson Nicoll. Campbell may be said to occupy a position similar to Newell Dwight Hillis, but the latter would not stand for Campbell's theology. Nicoll, as editor of the *Expositor's Bible*, admitted some scholars who are considered as destructive Bible critics. He cannot be considered hide-bound. He has discovered in the *British Weekly* some of the leading theological writers of the day. His judgment on preaching sermons, theology and literary work, I place above any editor or theologian.

Here is his career:

NICOLL, William Robertson, M. A., LL. D.; editor *British Weekly*, *Bookman*, etc., since 1886; b. Lumsden, Aberdeenshire, 10 Oct. 1851; e. s. of Rev. Harry Nicoll; m. Catherine, d. of Joseph Pollard, High Down, Herts, May 1897. *Educ.*: Grammar School, Aberdeen; University, Aberdeen; M. A. 1870; LL. D. 1897. Free Church Minister of Dufftown, 1874-77; Free Church Minister of Kelloso, 1877-85. *Publications*: *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, 1895; *Life of James Macdonell*, 1890; *Prof. Elmslie; The Lamb of God; The Incarnate Saviour; The Key of the Grave; Songs of Rest (Series i. and ii.); The Return to the Cross, 1897; The Secret of Christian Experience, 1897; Sunday Afternoon Verses, 1897; Ed. The Expositor's Greek Testament, vol. i. 1897, and numerous theological works. Recreations*: member of the Neasden Golf Club.

And here is what he says of the City Temple Theology:

CITY TEMPLE THEOLOGY.

It is with the most intense and unfeigned reluctance that we discuss the controversy raised by recent utterances of Mr. R. J. Campbell. Prosecutions for heresy may sometimes be necessary, but they are always painful, and generally detestable. It is so very hard to see what good can come out of the storm. The controversy is futile and regrettable to begin with, and too probably disastrous in some of its ultimate consequences. But we remember a Scottish elder who comforted his Church in a time of battle by telling the story of the shepherd who rebuked Lord Rutherford for complaining of the east wind and the mist in the words: "What ails ye, mon, at the wind? What ails ye at the mist? It slokens the grun and it slokens the ewes, and mair than that, 'tis the wull o' God." Most certainly such disputes in the present age are the will of God, and so we must take them humbly, remembering that it is as true of churches as of individual Christians that all things work together for good to them that love God, and that all winds blow God's people to the haven of their rest.

We particularly regret that the controversy should have turned round Mr. Campbell. He seemed to us a precious gift to the free churches of England. We were among the first to hail his accession; we have refrained from criticising him, even when in acute opposition. We have done all that ever since we could to keep him in the ranks. We hoped great things of him. Nor have we quite abandoned our hopes. He has assuredly a magnetic power of attraction, such as is possessed by very few men. He has drawn multitudes to his ministry, and of these a

large proportion have been touched by no other preacher. And in our view he possesses a deep insight into undistinguished human life, with its joys and sorrows, and he sympathizes while he understands. In those cases of conduct which so often perplex men and women in the difficult Christian journey, he has many times advised with a rare delicacy and wisdom, and it is within our knowledge that the advice has often proved a word in season. While never supposing that his theology was identical with our own, we have fully believed till the other day that on the great essentials of the Christian faith he was firm, and notwithstanding all that makes against the belief, it still lingers in our mind.

We hope we may take for granted the ordinary commonplaces, for commonplaces they are among all but the very stupid and the very bigoted. The new philosophy, the new criticism, the new science are compelling restatement of the Christian faith. That restatement will not be identical in every respect by any means with the statements that preceded it. In these days we must not condemn an incomplete faith as an unreal or untrue faith. We must be satisfied in thousands of cases if the face is turned towards the light, and allow liberty on many points. Nor are we ever to forget that it is with the heart that man believes, and that there may be much clouding of the intellect while yet the heart beats true.

And now we come to the most difficult part of our task. It is only fair to Mr. Campbell himself, as well as to those who differ from him, that the notorious facts of his mental development and mental processes should be explained. This is the barest justice alike to himself and to his critics. He is a man whom it would be silly and presumptuous to treat de haut en bas, but it is fair to say that he took his position in the Free Church ministry without any formal study of theology; that is, he never attended, so far as we are aware, any theological seminary. Now if there is one belief beyond another that has burned itself into the consciousness of all who have thought seriously about the future of the Christian Church, it is that her teachers must be trained in theology, in philosophy, and in criticism. Some men have accomplished ministries of glorious success without any formal education to speak of. But with education they might have compassed still greater triumphs, and in any case the circumstances of the age have altered. The difficulties of belief have more or less definitely come to the knowledge of the people. They perplex many who are devout church members. It is hardly possible now to preach and to ignore them. Even in the humblest places the questioning expresses itself. Without a competent training, men are sure to betray themselves. Dr. Marcus Dods, in a very impressive speech delivered lately at the New College, Edinburgh, traced the great trouble through which his church has been passing ultimately to the colleges. They had allowed men to go forth authorized as Christian ministers, who had made no steady, adequate intellectual preparation. Dr. Dods pointed out that in other spheres incompetent men are rejected by the hundred. It is very hard in these days for a student in medicine to obtain his qualification. It ought to be very hard. When he is accredited, he has the power of life and death. It is right that the authorities should not turn murderers loose upon the earth. In every profession the standard of qualification is being steadily raised, yet in the greatest and most difficult of all professions—a profession which was never practiced amid higher hopes or more anxious fears, men are allowed to enter freely, and spring at once to the front, who have had no training at all. This is not as it should be. Everyone is wronged who is allowed to pass through the door unqualified. What can he do, especially if he is a popular preacher? In the intervals of a busy life he can and he may read such books as he is able to get through. We give Mr. Campbell every credit for his skill in choosing books, and for his marvellous faculty of mastering them. But all that is no substitute for the thorough practical training which ought to be imparted in youth. In the case of Mr. Campbell, he is constantly pronouncing on the gravest questions without having studied one of them at first hand.

Then Mr. Campbell avowedly improvises his sermons. He has told the public that he chooses a text an hour or two before preaching, and says what comes into his mind. This is a wonderful faculty, and we admire the vast memory, the unfailing fluency, the quickness of combination, which enable him to do this week by week. But in the course of this process Mr. Campbell has lost all sense of the magic and music of words. It is a great loss, for the tunefulness and beauty of their style have done much to make great preachers live long after their sermons had ceased. But in Mr. Campbell's case, the matter is far more serious. He constantly attempts to grapple with prob-

lems for the solution of which the utmost precision of expression is absolutely necessary. Not knowing well the language of these problems, and having no time to choose it, he sinks as it seems to us, and especially of late, into complete intellectual chaos. The preacher is at sea on all points. He can spin his fabric by the square mile of whatever texture it may be. That power is a very striking one, but many of us may think that the texture is gossamer twaddle and no more. There is nothing to be surprised at in the fact that Mr. Campbell's printed sermons have made no impression on the public. Deprived of the preacher's winsomeness of address they are nothing. They are improvisations on themes which require prolonged and patient study. We have read several of his recent sermons, and have been amazed and disconcerted by paragraph after paragraph of ignorant dogmatism, inconsequent thinking, and misty generalization.

These then are the qualifications of the man who has come to set us all right, who has come to alter the whole belief of the whole Christian Church, who is furnished with a solution for the mysteries that have baffled the ages. For most of us one subject is enough. If we can do a little original work on one theme, it is all that life will allow, but Mr. Campbell takes all the field and marches over it with a confident step. On all points he is oracular. On all points, if we are to believe him, the iron gates burst open before him. The great teachers, living and dead, have reached such illuminations as they have attained by the labor of studious lonely years, by midnight vigils, by long sojournings in Arabia, by agonies in Gethsemane, by sweat of blood. To Mr. Campbell everything comes by intuition. He is ready by interview, by letter, by declarations to reporters, by sermons in town and country, by answering the questions of any heckler to extricate every theme. He has no argument; we never find in him the rousing vigor of true debate. When he is contradicted he is grieved or angry—more grieved than angry, and perhaps more perplexed than grieved. He clutches every question with eager but unsteady hand. Thus, when ripe investigators, like Dr. Fairbairn, deal with him, they cannot get near him. They cannot arrange the terms of a discussion, for Mr. Campbell has to explain his own terms in his own way. Neither by knowledge nor by mental habit is he able to face his opponent, and the opponent feels, and shows that he feels, that his energy is wasted fighting shadows, all helpless and all astray. To speak with perfect frankness—and Mr. Campbell, who insists on being always perfectly frank, cannot complain if we do—we should spend no more time on his views than he would spend on ours if he were not the minister of the City Temple and the successor to Dr. Parker. The man who is sure about everything, and derives his illumination not from study or from thinking, but from some inward light granted to him, is a man with whom discussion is futile. One can openly say that when he puts his case in extempore speech he is generally loose in argument and desultory in treatment, and that he fails to show the capacity to perceive the exact issue between conflicting systems.

Still, much as we dislike many of his recent utterances, we are not convinced that he has abandoned the Christian faith. In the Christian Commonwealth for January 17 we find a report of a prayer and sermon spoken on Thursday, January 3. The prayer begins: "Lord Jesus, we ask forgiveness in so far as we have come short of that which Thou hast revealed before us and within us, and hast done for us. We want thy manhood, we want the humanity eternal in the Lord. Hear us and grant the answer to our prayers." This, then, is a prayer addressed to the Lord Jesus Christ. Could a Unitarian pray to the Lord Jesus Christ? We had thought not. We remember a minister writing, "I can go with all good men as far as they go, and so far as we go together we can have some sort of fellowship. If no grave question comes up between us, that fellowship will not be interrupted. But if X, Y, or Z, says—of course, not rudely, but if it is virtually involved in what he says—'You are really an idolater' (for so I have heard men calling themselves Christians speak of men heartily holding and believing what, at all events, the majority of Congregationalists love to believe about Christ), does not our fellowship receive a check?"

Further, Mr. Campbell believed recently at least in the Resurrection of our Lord from the dead, the resurrection of the body. To this we attached great importance, and we attach great importance to it still if he continues to believe it, for that faith proves that he has not yielded to naturalism, and that he has not wholly lost faith in the divine acts which save men from utter despair. He has ideas, however beautiful, can the world be kept in heart and hope—but only by the historical intervention of God in Christ.

II.

As to the specific articles of Mr. Campbell's creed, we must do our best. His methods, as we have shown, are all utterly inimical to exact thought, and so if he is misapprehended, he has himself to blame. Mr. Campbell knows that our Lord Jesus Christ was the Son of a human father. We can understand doubts about the Virgin Birth, though ourselves most fervently believing in it. But this confidence of certainty is Mr. Campbell's own, and very characteristic. Then he holds that all souls will be saved. This belief in its dogmatic form was passionately held by so fervent and true a Christian as George Macdonald, and once had a greater hold of the Christian mind than it has today. It is the old mystic faith that the five foolish virgins will at last find oil for their lamps. Many of us hope for it, but we do not know. The hope may be strong or feeble, but it is only a hope. To dogmatize is impossible. We do not know what powers of thwarting and baffling the divine love may remain to man. The resistance that Christ wept over here may meet him in other worlds. Who can say? Another doctrine is that all men are potential Christs, which recalls Feuerbach's book, which George Eliot translated. A more sceptical book never was written, but it contains the declaration that whosoever loves his race is a Christ.

Is Mr. Campbell a Unitarian? This question ought to be answered very carefully. The Unitarians in old times were too eager in claiming converts, and they have learned something. Somebody said long ago that if Mr. Page Hopps heard an unfortunate man cough during the delivery of an orthodox sermon, he set him down at once as a Unitarian. On this point we quote from a letter of Mr. Campbell printed last week. He says: "My contention is that Unitarianism and Trinitarianism alike have tended too much in the past to separate between man and God. In the New Theology the old issue between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism simply ceases to exist; we do not need the names." We cannot ourselves make out the meaning of this utterance, and we shall show that it has puzzled others better qualified. But surely if a man says that there is no difference between him and a Unitarian, he is to all intents and purposes a Unitarian.

However, if we have read Mr. Campbell rightly, we should be should be paying him a very high compliment in calling him a Unitarian. The Unitarians have done great things for Christianity in many ways which we do not need to recount. There are Unitarians so called whom we can hardly distinguish from Trinitarians. Would it be correct to say that Dr. Drummond of Oxford is a Unitarian? If so, and if all Unitarians are like him, the barriers of division would not be formidable. But infinitely the gravest and most dangerous of Mr. Campbell's leanings is his obvious inclination to Pantheism. For a good many weeks he has been minimizing sin. He has declared, if we understand him rightly, that God does not care whether we sin or not. There is no sin and no need of Atonement. We hesitate in taking out the following words: "Whatever can be said about the love of Christ may be said about the love of John Smith. . . . The atoning love is that in which Christ repeats his offering for mankind in every heart given up to him. . . .

The belief that Jesus suffered some mysterious penalty and took away sins is a moral mischief." We are content to quote from a heterodox commentator: "The whole argument is a tangle of nonsense. According to Mr. Campbell, Christ is indisputably divine—and so are we. Christ's love and the love of John Smith may be expressed in terms of the same value. But the love of Christ is an atoning love—and the belief in an atonement is a moral mischief."

But the great gain of our theology in the last fifty years has been a fuller knowledge of the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. The doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood, as signified on the Cross, has taken hold of believing minds. Now the whole pith of this doctrine is that God is grieved when we sin, just as a father is grieved when his child sins. To a true father on earth there is nothing half so bitter as that his child should sin. In the letters of Lafcadio Hearn there is a most pathetic expression of this everlasting fact. Hearn had sinned in his own youth, and it tortured him to look at his innocent boy, and to imagine that his son should err as he had erred. The Scripture teaches us that God cared so much that he sent his only begotten Son to die for us, and redeem us from our iniquity. So much did God care for our sin that the Heart of hearts was broken for suffering on Calvary. The divine suffering met the human suffering in the struggle to recover a humanity purified of sin and triumphing over sorrow. Mr. Campbell sweeps away the doctrine of divine love. His apparently is the

Pantheism which finds in God nothing more or less than the sum total of cosmical circumstances, including human life, and of which man would form an insignificant fragment. Thus the shadow of death in its most fearful form overwhelms every glimpse of hope. Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, with his usual acuteness, has grasped this point, and stated it most ably in the *Tribune* of Saturday. "The New Theology," he says, "offers us a modern and rational settlement by denying the existence of Piccadilly Circus. The nigger-driver will be delighted to hear that God is immanent in him without any further trouble, and that his bursts of savage temper are the self-expression of a benevolent Creator."

Once grant that there is a perfect being behind the world, and the doctrine of the Fall, of original sin, and of positive evil follow by the mere process of keeping one's eyes open and walking down the street. Once prove to a man that he is a child of God, and he will infer for himself that he is a fallen child. Once let a man admit the dogma that Mr. Campbell admits, and the man will deduce from it by himself all the dogmas that Mr. Campbell denies."

It is unnecessary to say anything about Mr. Campbell's view of the Bible. We read that on a recent Thursday, amid thunders of applause from a mob in the gallery, Mr. Campbell repudiated the authority of St. Paul. If he had considered for a moment who St. Paul was, and what he was, and where he himself was speaking, we think that applause would not have been grateful to Mr. Campbell.

III.

Then it seems there is a league formed of those who advocate Mr. Campbell's views. We do not envy any man the task of defending Mr. Campbell day by day. Indeed, it has already proved too much for more than one member of the league. Dr. Warschauer, whose writings we like very much, has written with his colleague, Mr. Wallace, confessing a full faith in the incarnation of God in Christ, and in the atonement wrought for sins by the sacrificial life and dream of our Lord. Dr. Warschauer has further written in the *Daily Chronicle* to show the deep gulf which separates him from Unitarians. That a man of fine and disciplined intellect like his should keep a place among Mr. Campbell's company is simply inconceivable, and there are others known to us among the names published, of whom we could say the same. The whole existence and meaning of our evangelical Free Churches are identical with a real belief in the incarnation, and that revelation of which the incarnation is the center. And no man will dwell and work long among them who does not hold that faith. Free Church ministers generally know well that in these days they must use their energies not to the killing, but to the kindling of flames. They are needed. Can it be believed that any body of Christian men would go forth to the people of England with messages like this—Christ was the son of an earthly father; there is no such thing as sin against God; there is no real atonement of Jesus Christ in the sense that he took away our sins; there is no difference between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism; you will all be saved ultimately whatever you do? If there are such men, their proper course is to hire a few Clarion vans and spread their message thus. But as the wise and saintly Dr. Martineau said to a meeting of freethinkers, "Negation supplies no bond." We have the utmost belief in the essential orthodoxy of Congregational ministers, and we are sure they are the very last to start preaching a Christianity without a Christ, and a religion without a God.

MR. CAMPBELL'S REPLY TO HIS CRITICS.

On Thursday Mr. Campbell addressed a crowded congregation at the City Temple. Before beginning his sermon he referred to his departure next Monday for a winter holiday.

"I am going away after next Sunday's service," he said, "for the holiday which I usually take in the middle of winter, and I feel I am very ready for it. Next Thursday Dr. Clifford is going to preach from this pulpit. I dare say some of you can guess why he is going to preach. It is because this man, who is the idol of Nonconformity, does not hesitate to come out and put his back to the wall alongside of the most unpopular man in it—(cheers)—at a time when men, who formerly gave me a great deal more support than he ever did have scuttled like rabbits to their holes; wherefore, I say, 'God bless Dr. Clifford and give him length of days.' (Cheers.)"

The Rev. F. B. Meyer.

In an interview with a representative of the Birmingham Daily Post, the Rev. F. B. Meyer said:

"Whenever a Christian teacher of unblemished life and single purpose claims to have received a new revelation of truth, I listen reverently, as we believe that God has yet much truth to break forth from His Word. But one dare not accept too readily, lest wrecker's lanterns may have been mistaken for harbor lights, and a back-eddy for midcurrent.

"The danger of the present discussion is that it seems to be mainly conducted by newspaper paragraphs; and it is difficult to know what the New Theology exactly stands for. Its main message seems to be Immanence of God. If this is held collaterally with the Transcendence of God, it is consistent with Christ's teaching, 'Ye in Me, and I in you.' But if it denies the Transcendence of God, it is pure Pantheism, and inadmissible as Christian teaching.

"If the New Theology is simply a restatement of the old facts and doctrines, we are glad that it should speak to the cultured in their own tongue; but if it denies the supernatural in the Birth and Resurrection of Christ; if it refuses to admit that He was Divine in a unique sense; if it attaches no substitutionary value to his death—I do not hesitate to say that I shall stand by the venerable statements of the New Testament, for they have been approved, in one's own experience, and that of the universal Church, to be the vehicle and medium of the Spirit of Truth and Life. An ounce of attested fact outweighs tons of philosophy."

Mr. Jowett.

Preaching in Carr's Lane Church on Sunday morning from the 24th and 25th verses of the 7th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, Mr. Jowett said that this chapter had been described as the most terrible tragedy in all literature. What is this 'sin' which so tips up the narrative, which so tyrannizes the life? There is only one place to seek the answer—in the deep solitudes of one's own soul. Matthew Arnold said that sin was not a monster, but an infirmity. Does my soul accept the term? If sin be only infirmity there will be no sense of guilt, but when I sin I am conscious of more than weakness. When I sin I know it is a happening that might have happened otherwise; I know myself responsible for the choice. It has been said recently that the essence of all sin is the making of self the centre to which we subordinate all other beings and interests. Sin is more than selfishness. When I take that statement that sin is the exaltation of self and subordination of my brother, it does not give me satisfaction. The statement includes two things which I think are the consequences of sin and not its essence. In the solitudes of my soul I am conscious of a vaster presence still, most surely I recognize it—I find I cannot express sin in terms of self and brother, but of self, and brother, and God. Sin is defiance of God. Sin is a voluntary breaking-away from the Divine will, a conscious and deliberate violation of the Divine order—therefore a consequent distortion of the life. I am prepared to accept the statement of a great and reverent thinker to express the findings of my own experience. He says: "Sin is a God-resisting disposition in virtue of which man in self-sufficiency and pride opposes himself to God, and thereby withdraws himself from the spirit of the Divine Life and Love." That satisfies my conscience. How is it to be dealt with?

Paul says in my text, "Who shall deliver us?" I return again to Matthew Arnold. He tells us that it is an infirmity to be got rid of, but I do not know a line in Matthew Arnold's teaching where he tells us how. He certainly says in one place that "thinking about sin beyond what is indispensable for a firm effort to get rid of it is waste of energy and a waste of time." I turn over the pages of Matthew Arnold, but I find no light. It seems like telling one of our new electric cars when the trolley pole has got away, to make a third rail to get along. Who shall deliver me out of the body of this death? Thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. I bring you to that, and there I have finished. I bring you to the reality of a personal Savior. Deliverance can be effected by a personal covenant with the Lord Jesus Christ, by the union of two lives. Jesus Christ is alive, and can come into vital and vitalizing relationships with every child of the race. If a man made a dogmatic statement like that in any other realm than the realm of religion, everybody would experiment upon it, to either confirm or reject it. Dare you experiment? If there is God you will prove it, if the Lord is alive you will know it. I thank God through Christ my Lord.

Dr. John Watson occupied the pulpit on Sunday at the morning and evening services at Trinity Presbyterian Church, Cloughton, preaching his last sermons before leaving for his visit to the United States. At the morning service the "New Theology" was his theme, and he took for his text Rev. iii. 16. It was time, he said, they should study, if they had not done so before, the great question: Was Jesus Christ in the true and full sense of the Catholic faith, the Son of the living God, or was he only the very interesting and gifted peasant of Galilee who had left a dozen sayings and who must have lived a beautiful life to have produced some kind of passing impression which they had worked out into the Gospel? They should face that question. If Christ was what the Pharisees supposed, they had better be brave intellectually, and relegate him to a place with Socrates and Confucius and such-like teachers of men. But if He was what he said—and nineteen centuries had proved him to be—they could have no reserves on their loyalty or their faith. They were bound to follow him, today, tomorrow, in life and in death. They were bound to keep his commandments, and to carry his cross.

Mr. David Christie Murray in the "Referee."

In the Referee, "Merlin" (Mr. David Christie Murray) says:

"Mr. Campbell is a minister of the Congregational Church, and is by virtue of his position supposed to be an advocate of that modified Calvinism which has been gradually reduced from the Westminster Confession. It needs not to be said that he has an entire right to follow his conscience, but the question is how far he has a right to avail himself of the mechanism at his disposal in order to spread doctrines which are openly and even violently opposed to the intentions of those by whom that mechanism was created.

I read that Mr. Campbell in an address recently delivered at Brighton denounced the "busybodies" who have called upon him to resign his pastorate, and proclaimed that he still possesses the confidence of his congregation. But that again is not the point. Mr. Campbell's flock, like Mr. Campbell himself, occupies a fiduciary position, and whilst its members are in agreement with doctrines which would have been regarded as heretical and damnable by the founders of their trust, they place themselves, to say the least of it, in a questionable attitude when they continue to enjoy its advantages. Until the terms of the trust are legally abrogated they demand imperatively to be obeyed, and this is by no means to deny the principle of intellectual and spiritual freedom by which the new theologians set such righteous store. It is simply to affirm that it is not just or honorable to employ the means which were intended for one distinct purpose in order to further another purpose which is flatly opposed to it.

The Church Times says: "The 'common Protestantism' which was to have been established and endowed by Parliament as the basis of a national system of non-ecclesiastical education, and entrusted at haphazard to untested 'civil servants' to interpret and enforce, is seen now to comprehend denial of the Virgin Birth, of the Fall, of the Atonement of the Resurrection of the Sacred Body of Jesus Christ from the grave of His quality with the Father, of 'any real distinction between humanity and deity,' of sinfulness except as 'an offence against the God within,' of final judgment, and of the bitter pains of eternal death. Universalism was to be expected—'Ultimately every soul will be perfected.' Mr. Campbell's Socinianism is of the evasive kind—'We believe that Jesus is and was Divine; but so are we. The New Theology holds that human nature should be interpreted in terms of its own highest; and, therefore, it reverences Jesus Christ. Every man is a potential Christ.' He disclaims the old Unitarian position, however, for that was deistic, and placed a gulf between God and man; whereas 'man is the 'Image of God.' The fact is that Unitarianism asserts God to be One Person, instead of Three in One; whereas Mr. Campbell's vague and ill-thought-out pantheism denies really any transcendent personality to be God at all. 'The word "God,"' he says, 'stands for the infinite reality whence all things proceed.' This reality is conscious without limit, whereas our consciousness is limited; but 'our being is the same as God's.' It may perhaps occur to Mr. Campbell that if the difference between human creature and Divine Creator is only one of degree, this is equally true of the difference between a shrimp and its Maker. 'The universal man which we call God.' But man, we are assured, has been evolved from ape or frog. Was this, then, the evolution of Deity?"

THE FIRST SABBATH



"HE IS NOT HERE FOR HE IS RISEN."

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow;
The worky-days are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.

On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for his;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wounds.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our sal-
vation,

And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days train on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

—George Herbert.

ILLUSTRATIVE DEPARTMENT

Illustrations From Life

E. I. HART, SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS (512)

Prov. 15: 1; Prov. 25: 11, 12.

I remember today two masters I was under at school. One was stout and burly, who ruled the scholars, big and little, with a rod. He seemed to watch for any fault or misdemeanor in us like a cat for a mouse. How we boys hated him and longed for the time when we would be big enough to thrash him. The other teacher was no weakling. He shone on the field of sport, yet he was as gentle as a child. The roughest, wildest boys would rather take a whipping ten times over than face him when the class was dismissed and listen to his quiet, earnest chiding. Few left his presence after one of those heart to heart talks without a noble resolve to be better for the sake of the Christian gentleness with which the folly or the fault had been dealt with.

"DEEP CALLING UNTO DEEP." (513)

Psalms 42: 7; Psalm 119: 67.

About twenty-five years ago there lived a young man in the city of Toronto who was leading a very wild and careless life. Many a Sabbath afternoon he spent in racing his fast horse about the old Woodbine track and many a Sabbath night he came home beastly drunk. He was known among the boys as an awful swearer and frequently even his wild companions trembled at his curses and were fearful of some sudden judgment. But one day he was stricken down with the fever and for weeks his life was despaired of. During those long anxious winter days Deep called unto Deep. God's love called to his love and now it answered. Spring came and with it convalescence and fully restored health. The young man believing that the Lord had saved him from death and for some special purpose, resolved to consecrate himself wholly to the service of Christ. He prepared for missionary work. And now for nearly twenty years, as a medical missionary, he has been successfully laboring to save the bodies and souls of the benighted in Central India.

THE CHASTENING OF INFINITE LOVE.

(514)

Rev 3: 19; Hebrews 12: 5-9.

I shall never forget the last punishment which my father gave me as a boy. I had got into some mean little scrape with some Chinese workmen. It came to father's ears and I was summoned to meet him in his study. All the way up stairs I tried to fortify myself for the coming ordeal—for I expected that the interview would be of a most striking character. Upon entering the room I was motioned to a seat and father began to tell me how grieved he was to hear of my last misdeed and how anxious he was that I should grow up to be a

good Christian man and how he prayed for me every day. He said that he would have to punish me, but before doing so we would both kneel in prayer and take the matter to the Heavenly Father. That was one of the most solemn moments of my life. Oh, how earnestly father prayed for me, and how uncomfortable I felt! We rose from our knees and the whipping was administered. I have forgotten the whipping, but I have not forgotten that prayer. That prayer troubled me more than a hundred whippings, for it plainly told me that my father had not punished me in anger but in love, and that it was meant to make me better.

And so our Father in Heaven often deals thus with his children. He sees our faults and imperfections and wants to make us more perfect, and so the stroke that falls upon us is the stroke of love.

"In love I correct thee, thy gold to refine.

To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

ADAPTABILITY OF THE GOSPEL. (515)

1 John 2: 2.

Dr. Chamberlain, one of the oldest missionaries in India, says that one day while he was preaching in Benares, among the devotees who came to bathe in the sacred stream by which he was standing, was a man who had journeyed wearily on his knees and elbows from a great distance with the pain of conviction at his heart. He hoped by washing in the Ganges to be relieved of his "looking for judgment." Poor soul! He dragged himself to the river's edge, made his prayer to Gunga, and crept in. A moment later he emerged with the old pain still tugging at his heart. He lay prostrate on the bank in his despair and heard the voice of the missionary. He raised himself and crawled a little nearer. He listened to the simple story of the cross; he was hungry and thirsty for it. He rose upon his knees, then upon his feet, then clapped his hand and cried: "That's what I want! That's what I want!"

That story of the cross is what the whole world wants. The world wants Christ, for Christ has what the world needs.

WEDDING ETIQUETTE.

Her wedding is the event of a woman's life, and the minister who marries her, in a manner that is in keeping with the sentiment, is never forgotten. If he does it perfunctorily, or carelessly, or fails to make the most of the ceremony, it is a cloud on the memory of the event.

That the minister might be thoroughly furnished for this good work, we have had prepared our new wedding manual containing fifteen different ceremonies, selection of scriptures, laws and cautions, and a very important chapter on the Etiquette of Weddings. It is bound a la Roycroft in dove-colored oze calf, so that the longer ceremonies may be read from it.

To make a long story short, send us \$1.00 for it, and if not up to your expectations, notify us, return the book and we will return the money. If you wish the *Federal Manual* with it, send \$1.75 for both.

F. M. BARTON, Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Illustrations and Morals

BY A. J. ARCHIBALD.

EASTER. (516) Rev. 1 : 18.

In 1900 Japan sent men away over to England. They took with them seven million dollars and brought back a fifteen thousand ton battleship. They called her the "Hatusé." On her they put 700 men, and in her was about one-fifth of Japan's naval hope. But sailing in the open sea she struck a mine and down she went to sleep there, beside the Russian ship Petrovolosk, that had gone down a week or so before. The Jap covered up his sorrow and did without her. As she lies there in the bottom of the Yellow sea, would she be worth more if she were of thirty thousand tons instead of fifteen? She was dead; to Japan, no matter what she had been.

The Christ was mightier than any who had been before; no doubt of that. There has appeared none since to stand beside him. On that, we agree. But he is Dead. Dead! What does it matter how great he had been? If he were still dead, and we had heard of him at all, some wanderer, perhaps, might halt beside the tomb and say, "poor dreamer," and Jesus Christ had been mocked by every little fellow in the world. Without the resurrection there could have been no New Testament, no church, no power and no forgiveness of sin? For the apostles there had been despair and for the world only the darkness of heathenism. O, then be glad, that on that Easter day, the Christ arose!

DEATH. (517) 1 Cor. 15 : 55-57.

In Japan the Samurai class have an idea that they have a right to say when they shall die. If they are wounded and likely to die they take their own lives with knives. They boast that they control their own destiny. If they are sent on a mission and fail they kill themselves, saying that life has been a failure; they will deceive death by sending themselves on sooner than he expected. They say that they defeat death, but death really gets an earlier victory. They are defeated earlier.

Some men in this world have truly defeated death. If he comes upon us and cannot terrify us; if he comes upon us and knows he cannot hold us in the tomb, he is truly defeated. And those who hear the call of the risen Christ do not tremble at death as do the world; and they go down crying, "He arose and I shall rise." "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

POWER. (518) 2 Tim. 3 : 1, 5.

Did you ever realize that we do not create power? We direct it, that is all. All over North America are many power companies. They advertise thus: "We will supply any manufacturing concern with power; we will light anything that you desire." Where does that company get the power, for they actually do sell it? They do not create it. It already

exists. It is there in every water fall, in every running stream, in every bed of coal, in every tree of the forest, in the wind that blows, in oil, in natural gas, in the atmosphere, and in a hundred other places has the God of the world stored power and men manufacture machines that enable them to direct it, that is all. All that we do, in all these cases, is to lay hold of God's power and he bids us use it freely. If we of the twentieth century should decide to use only our own force, then the industrial glory of our age would vanish.

The greatness of the Christian living of the centuries has come by recognizing divine power and using it. And when we shall begin to deny that power, then the glory of our living shall depart. Now do you wonder at the warning of the great apostle when he told us that the day would come when we should have "forms of godliness while denying the power?"

KNOW GOD. (519) Matt. 7 : 23.

I have an excuse for not knowing Kaiser William and the Czar of Russia. I could not know them if I would. To see them I must carry papers from the ruler of some great state. I am kept out by stone walls, excluded by guards, by bayonets. What if we had to personally know the Czar!

But I have no excuse in the universe for not knowing a God who commands me to seek him; who sent a Son to take away my sin; who knocks at the heart's door many times in a year. What will you do when he says, "I never knew you?"

OMNIPOTENCE. (520) Matt. 28 : 18.

In the earliest warfare it was naked strength hurled on naked strength, and the mightiest won. But since the days of Hannibal warfare had become a game of strategy. Rome lost at Cannae through the craft of the African. Oyama has won as much through guile as through strength. Look back through history and see what strategy has accomplished. At Hastings when Harold and his men stood firm, then William the Conqueror feigned defeat and as they pursued he rent them in twain. See how at Bannockburn the English king was deceived and alarmed by a mob of camp followers coming over the hills with blankets for banners. See how in the great American Civil War so many of the conflicts were decided by one side or the other hurling a sudden attack on flank or rear. Today, might will not avail. Strategy must go with strength, or all is loss.

But when Christianity came into conflict with heathenism it was not strategy that won the day. It was naked strength against naked strength. It was power hurled on power. It was might resisting omnipotence. No, it was not strategy. On one side were the millions, the influences and the armaments of the nations; on the other side a few men, but with the truth and God. And the little side hurled back the greater. Not in one year; not in a century. But God's hand was on the men and the men were irresistible. It was human might

opposing divine. No doubt as to the issue. Get the idea rooted in your hearts and there will be no despair!

POWER IN HUMILITY. (521) Luke 14 : 11.

If you are to have power then get down low before God. They are using the power of Niagara today by getting well beneath it. Several years ago on the American side they dug a great hole down in the rock, a hundred feet or more. Then they led by a great sluice the water from above the falls and it came down into that excavation and smote the turbin wheels with terrific force, and so made light or propelled the cars upon the surface. "If you want the power of Niagara," said the engineer, "then you must get down low enough to use it." And because they got down low they succeeded on the surface.

The same law holds true in religion. The law of life is, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

CHRIST'S PROMISE. (522) Matt. 28 : 6.

If Christ promised to rise from the dead and did it, then surely we can expect him to fulfill every other promise. "He is risen as he said," is a splendid phrase. Dr. Lorenz of Vienna has had some marvelous successes in dealing with deformities and structural displacements. His name and fame have gone around the world and so they sent for him to come to America to cure the daughter of a millionaire; and the Canadian Minister of Finance has just returned from Austria's capital, having taken his daughter all that way for her cure. They go to him and say, "You have done it for other people's children, now do it for ours." So we go to the Christ and cry, "O Christ, if you were able to unravel the mystery of your own death and second life before the world, and it all came out as you said, then you ought to be able to unfold the life to come for us." We know it will come out just as he has said. Whether he speaks of joy, or of pain in the future life, we must accept the revelation that he gave as final.

THE TREASURES OF THE WORD (523) Matt. 13 : 52. Col. 2 : 3.

Perhaps the greatest art museum in the world is that in the Louvre in Paris. Here on the walls are the works of the master painters. On the pedestals the carvings of the famous sculptors. A French cartoonist recently gave to the public a picture of the scene as he imagined it, "The burning of the Louvre." Rushing from the doors, leaping from the windows, were men and women bearing in their arms the priceless bits of treasure. All could not be saved. Each grasped that which to him was most precious, and saved only that.

In our Word we have a thousand splendid portraits of the Father, and ten thousand priceless mosaics. Every preacher of the gospel must be, as it were, on each occasion, a rescuer of some one great truth. In one-half hour you cannot bring out all the treasures of

the Word. Bring one, and let it blaze in its glory before the people. But the treasure house is there still.

Nature and Science BY G. V. REICHEL.

NATURE TEACHES THE RESURRECTION. (524)

1 Cor. 15 : 20, 23.

Take any plant or bulb. Here is a lily bulb. Dry, brown and apparently dead, it is placed in the earth and covered with the dark soil. After a time tiny green shoots appear, the first sign of new life. Then these shoots begin to grow, increasing in size and strength, until they form a beautiful plant bearing an exquisitely pure white flower. Paul's combination of the Easter doctrine with the Advent and the transforming ministry of spring is delightful in its suggestions of poetic but practical beauty. One little green bud makes the spring. One swallow spells the summer. These are the first-fruits, samples, proofs of coming certainties. Having been witnesses of Nature's resurrection glory, knowing what Nature was before any whisper of its approach was heard, there is no longer any real difficulty in accepting the doctrine of this lesson.

A TYPE OF THE RESURRECTION. (525) 1 Cor. 15 : 43.

In Egypt is a plant called the Resurrection Flower. It is seen as a little ball hanging on a fragile stem, resembling in color and shape a shrunken poppy-head. Sleeping, but not dead, the flowers are aroused by being immersed in water, and then supported in an upright position. Soon the fibers begin to stir. Slowly they unfold, until, with petals thrown back, it becomes a beautiful starry flower, not unlike an aster. If so great a change can pass over a flower, why should not all that is said about our own resurrection be true?

LIFE THROUGH DEATH (526) John 12 : 24. 529

The illustration our Lord uses of the grain of wheat is a most beautiful one. He says it must perpetuate itself by destruction; it must die in order to live; its victory arises out of defeat and death. The flower beds are not graveyards. The golden corn fields are not a burial ground. We do not weep, but we throw away all emblems of mourning and shout for joy because of the multiplied beauty and life that comes from the harvest. This principle holds good in the region of immortal life. Immortal life's victory comes by means of defeat and death. Why are we so sad and hopeless when loved ones die? Why not the same confidence of faith and hope that we cherish in regard to the physical harvest? Death to life; defeat to the crown of victory. This is the universal law, which even Christ applied to himself, and it applies to us. This law of life by death, of success by failure, runs in every sphere of our moral and spiritual activities. We must bury life if we would live, for reproduction comes out of decay and ruin. Death

is only giving the old sinful life for the new life, over which death has no power. The things that take our strength are the things that develop strength. As the life begins so it must progress to the still higher life of consecration. To live for God, we must die to self, the world and its pleasures.

NOT TOO LATE TO BE SAVED. (527)
1 John 4 : 9; Rom. 10 : 11.

Professor Henry Drummond tells a story of a young man in the university where he used to teach. He was a medical student, and a fine physical specimen of human life, but he contracted typhoid fever and soon lay dying in one of the hospitals. One of the physicians who attended him was an earnest Christian and a successful soul-winner, and he ventured to speak to him personally about his soul's need of a Saviour. The young man, with tearful eyes, listened to the story of redeeming love and began to feel anxious. "Will you now give yourself to Jesus?" asked the doctor. He did not answer for a while, and then, earnestly looking into the face of the doctor, he said, "But don't you think it would be awful mean just to make it up now at the last gasp of my dying breath, with one whom I have rejected all my life?" "Yes, it would be mean, but dear fellow, it would be far meaner not to do it. Jesus wants you to do it this minute, for he has made you willing, and it would be doubly mean to reject a love that is pressing you even to death!" The dying man saw the point, and for the first time appreciating the Saviour's tenderness and love, accepted it with joy, and died with the smile of God's peace on his face.

DIED FOR HIS ENEMIES. (528)
Luke 23 : 34.

Let a great prince die for a friend, and the world could never say enough about it; soon such a story of sacrifice would glow on the canvas, gleam in the white moonlight on the marble, and live on the page of history; but here is the sinless Lover of souls dying for his worst enemies, and while he is dying for them, he is praying for them. Jesus begins to use his own cross by saving those who nailed him to it.

✓ LIFE FROM DEATH. (529)
John 12 : 24.

It is a striking feature in the natural world that life, with all its glorious activities and beauties, seems to spring out of death and decay. In the winter the death of vegetation begins, the leaves fade, the flowers die, the woods look bare and stripped of foliage, and the radiant beauty of summer fields is buried. But spring returns, and all the floral lights are rekindled, the birds sing, and everything bursts into new life. Yet all this life has been nursed and produced by the ingredients added to the soil in winter's decay. In all the realms of nature we see this principle illustrated, from "death into life." The Saviour calls attention to the striking figure of a seed corn cast into the soil, which, when warmth and moisture reach it, decays and dies. Yet out of its death

the power of God awakens a new life. If the believer is to bring forth much fruit, self must be slain, the flesh must be crucified, and we must die to the world and its pleasures.

RESURRECTION A SECRET. (530)
1 Cor. 15 : 51.

To say that the resurrection of Jesus is a mystery is to say little. You are a mystery; the smallest thing you touch, everything you see, is a mystery; every leaf holds a secret, so does every grain of sand. First, know the secret of the tints of the flower; know the secret of crystallization that shoots in the snow-flake; know the secret of the rose distilling its sweet fragrance; then from the lower rise to the higher, until you rise high enough to know the secret of Christ's resurrection. This is not one of the secrets of science which will one day open to the eye of the naturalist—it is outside and beyond nature; still it remains a Scriptural fact.

/ FEATURES OF SOUL LIFE. (531)
Psa. 29 : 2.

Those who are familiar with the life of the ocean tell us that the plants called seaweeds, when they live on the surface of the water, are green. Those which are observed in lower beds of the sea assume deeper shades of rich olive. But down in the depths still below, far removed from the glare of day, where no human eye can see, and scarcely a ray of sunlight can reach, the flowers of the ocean are clothed with hues of exceptional splendor. It is thus with the believer. His surface qualities may not be so generally attractive. The spiritual life of faith and love, often mingling with human defects of character, may seem to be lacking in beauty. True piety is in its nature not usually seen, and its fairest features lie deep under the surface. But look into the tranquil depths of a sincere heart, and you will find richer traits.

A DEBT OF LOVE (532)
1 John 3 : 1.

The doctor came at your call when the child lay at the point of death, and you thought the cradle would become a casket. He watched its life, exercised his skill, and at last gave you back your child. You pay him a fee, yet your heart feels there is still a debt that only love can return. The boy can never pay back the love of his tender mother—she who went down to the gates of death to bring him into life; he can never repay that sacrifice, he can only love her in return. Do you feel this as you look upon the Saviour's cross, his pain, his sufferings, the crown of thorns he wears for your redemption from sin? If we offer anything less than our purest love and holiest life, it is an insult. Let love be the grateful testimony of our life.

SIMPLICITY OF FAITH. (533)
Gal. 3 : 13.

A preacher was sent for to see a dying woman of wealth, education and refinement, but

ignorant of the essential facts of the Christian faith. Her religious views had been formed entirely by the influence of certain clubs. To her mind Jesus was simply a moral teacher, standing in line with other religious masters. She had no knowledge of Christianity as a religion of redemption from the power and guilt of sin. Her life-story had been a sad one; stained both by sin and sorrow. The poor, dying soul stated it for herself in words that are charged with meaning. "Oh," she sighed, "that it were possible for some one to take my guilty conscience as it were his own, that I might find a little peace!" The minister said that he learned more in that single sentence concerning the mystery of redemption than up to that moment he had ever thought of in his life. Here was a soul who knew and stated the need of just such a salvation as we are invited to proclaim. The sense of guilt and awakening power in the dying woman. The only relief can come through a knowledge of the Lord's taking our burden of guilt as though it were his own, and bearing it in our stead.

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE. (534)

Deut. 32 : 11. ✓

After reading this beautiful poetry we almost see the imperial bird balancing in the light of the sun; the frightened eaglets she has excited to motion, fluttering around the broken nest and in the open sky; we see the parent bird sweep below and catch them on her feathers as they sink because of weakness; surge upward with them, drop them again, and by successive experiments of gentleness teach them till they can float away majestically into the deep blue of heaven. Let this striking scene live forever in the chambers of imagery, to remind us of what God's love has done for us, and of what our love should do for others, and especially of the way we should adapt ourselves to the wants of the young, undeveloped Christians, that we may stir them to think, and teach them to fly.

TYPE OF ETERNITY. (535)

Psa. 72 : 17.

There are a certain number of atoms of matter composing our globe, of globules of water comprising the ocean, of particles of light that stream to us from the sun. If each single particle represented an age, the last would disappear and eternity remain untouched. Were you to assign to a little insect, not discernible to the naked eye, the task of bearing away this planet of ours to the world of Mars; he takes his tiny load and enters on his almost endless work. Millions of years will roll away before the first journey is performed. The task is finally completed. Even then eternity is not lessened in its vast, limitless duration. By the use of figures we can represent vast tracts of time; but the human mind can dart beyond all these. It can pass from cycle to cycle, but no end appears, and imagination can herself conceive of no termination. This only conveys a faint conception of eternity to the intellect.

WILL JESUS TAKE ME? (536)

Psa. 51 : 17; Prov. 23 : 26.

A minister of the Gospel at one of his meetings among the Indians drew a powerful picture of the scene of Calvary. The audience was moved to tears. One tall Indian rose and walked towards the platform, with tears trickling down his red face. "Did Jesus die for me—a poor Indian? We have no lands to give to Jesus, but me give Jesus my gun, my dog and my blankets." The minister told him that God would not accept such gifts. The Indian hung his head in silence, and after a pause said: "Will Jesus take a poor Indian? If so, here is a poor Indian who gives himself to Jesus."

BASIS OF SALVATION. (537a)

1 Cor. 3 : 11.

As you gaze with admiration at the wonderful tower of the cathedral of Antwerp, it looks as if it were made of lace suspended by some invisible chains from the heavens; but you know when you come to examine it, that all that exquisite lacy and tracery is built up on the most solid foundation. So the experience of the saint, which seem to pierce the very heavens, and is lit up with the light of God, rest on a firm basis. That is assurance of a personal salvation, procured by the atoning love and sacrifice of Jesus.

Quotable Poetry

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY. (537b)

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,

If we had but a day!

We should drink alone at the purest springs

In our upward way;

We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,

If the hours were few;

We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power

To be and to do!

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills

By the clearest light;

We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,

If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and discontent

Beneath our feet;

We should take whatever the good God sent

With a trust complete!

We should waste no moments in weak regret,

If the day were but one;

If what we remember and what we forget

Went out with the sun;

We should be from our clamorous selves set free,

To work or to pray,

And be what the Father would have us be,

If we had but a day!

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

Only a little shriveled seed—
It might be a flower or grass or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear, shining hours—
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain:
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream.
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room—
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

CHOICE. (538)

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
He said, "No, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din."
And He wept as He sent me back;
"There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered, "Choose to-night,
If I am to miss you, or they."

I plead for time to be given.
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."
—George McDonald.

RELIANCE. (539)

Not to the swift, the race:
Not to the strong, the fight:
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Hath risen, glorified.

The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.
—Henry Van Dyke, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

SAN FRANCISCO DESOLATE. (540)

(Read by Mrs. Fiske at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, at a benefit for the sufferers.)

A groan of earth in labor-pain,
Her ancient agony and strain;
A trembling on the granite floors,
—A heave of seas, a wrench of shores,
A crash of walls, a moan of lips,
A terror on the towers and ships;
Torn streets where men and ghosts go by;
Whirled smoke mushrooming on the sky,
Roofs, turrets, domes with one acclaim
Turned softly to a bloom of flame,
A mock of kingly scarlet blown
Round shrieking timber, tottering stone;
A thousand dreams of joy, or power,
Gone in the splendor of an hour.—Edwin Markham in *The Speaker*.

TOMORROW TOO LATE. (541)

A friend of mine laboring in a southern city returned to the South, and stopping over between trains, was told that a man in the hospital was dying who had been deeply impressed in his meeting and dying without hope. He went up to see him and plead with him to be a Christian without avail. The time came for his train to leave and the man was still unsaved. He said to him, "I will pray with you for the last few minutes, if you will accept Christ just press my hand." But there came no pressure and as he was leaving the dying man he said to him, "Tell me when you will come," and he answered, "I think I will come tomorrow." Before my friend reached the end of his journey a telegram followed him saying that the man was dead. Tomorrow with him was eternity.—J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

DR. HORTON ON DR. CAMPBELL. *

To the Daily News of Saturday Dr. Horton contributed the following letter:

"Now, what I beg leave to say in your columns is this: Whatever may be the final value of Mr. Campbell's teaching, he is himself so fresh, so candid, so earnest, so convinced, that he may justly claim the patience and attention of his brethren in the ministry. All that is best and wisest in Congregationalism will accord him a sympathy and forbearance which may enable him to develop his thought without the distortions of controversy. If he were a Catholic, he would, no doubt, be taken to task; if he were a Presbyterian or a Methodist, he would be judged, and possibly condemned. But he is a Congregationalist; and the whole genius of that system is liberty and patience, and the undying conviction that 'the Lord has yet more light and truth to break forth from His Word.' We are not going to preclude our new light and truth by the ignorant prejudice and clamor which always try to silence or to persecute the original voices, the fresh truths which are of God's new Messiahs. If Mr. Campbell is wrong, free ventilation of his views, brotherly sympathy with him, and affectionate prayer for him will bring him right. If he is right, if he is coming, like Amos from the fields and the herds, untrammelled with the theology of the schools, to speak the new truth which Christendom is failing and fainting for, what more terrible mistake could Christian men make than to discourage, wound, and perhaps kill this man of God, as the Pharisee killed our Lord?"

FADED FLAG RESPONSIBLE FOR 18 LIVES. (542)

2 Pet. 2:21; Heb. 2:3.

The disaster on the Atlantic coast line at Norfolk, Va., is now accounted for by a remarkable discovery. Two cars of an excursion train from Kingston, N. C., plunged into an open draw on the Elizabeth river. Through the promptitude of a farm-hand, thirty-five passengers were saved, but eighteen were drowned or killed. The mystery of the accident was increased by the positive assertion of the signal-man that he had displayed his red flag in time for the engineer to stop the train before entering the open draw. Other employees corroborated his assertion. The engineer, who was severely hurt, contended that it was a white flag that was shown, and he took it as a signal that the road was clear. A demand was made that the flag be produced. Then the mystery was solved. The flag had been in use so long that it had faded, and might easily, in the distance, have been mistaken for a white flag. It is sad that the need of a new flag should have led to such a sacrifice of life. The "blood-red" banner of Jesus Christ that we carry will surely fade and become a stumbling block instead of a sign of hope to the people who are watching us if we remain inactive, knowing the awful condition and destiny of the godless.

REMEMBER THE POLICEMAN. (543)

1 Tim. 1:15; Rom. 10:12, 13.

Evangelist N. E. Biederwolf tells of the conversion of a policeman at Louisville, Ky. "He had been coming into the meetings quite frequently, taking his stand as long as possible by the door before continuing on his beat. One evening when the invitation was given for inquirers to come forward the big burly officer came down the aisle and grasping Dr. Biederwolf's hand, with tears in his eyes he said, 'I guess they think a policeman hasn't a soul, for they (the workers) never asked me if I wanted to be a Christian, but I do want to be one!'" Those whom we think are unlikely to welcome the message are often the very ones who are the most anxious to hear.

DESTITUITION OF BODY AND SOUL. ✓

Acts 20:26; Ps. 142:4; Ez. 3:18. (544)

Down in New York City the other day where millions of dollars are worse than wasted every day in the year, a woman was found dead in a room in which there was neither food, furniture nor fire. But the bodily destitution of the poor woman was as nothing compared to the destitution of her soul as she had evidently died "without God and without hope." In a populous city in Ohio a lady remarked with great bitterness, "I have lived in this city for 26 years and during that time not a single person has asked me about my soul or invited me to become a Christian." Her husband's brother had been a Christian for years, but had never spoken to him about be-

coming a Christian. Not long ago the Christian brother became courageous enough to approach his unbelieving brother with the result that both he and his wife are today earnest Christians. One need not go to the slums to find frightful destitution of soul. The pity of it all is that people are so willing to know of Jesus Christ.

ISABEL'S ENVELOPE. (545)

"Good-by!" said Isabel, at the end of her visit. "Please don't write to me."

"Don't write!" echoed Lois, blankly.

"I mean it. Ever since I came I've been realizing what it means for you to sit down to letter-writing after using a pen in your work all day."

"So that's it," laughed Lois. "Well, if I don't do any better than I have the last year, you needn't worry. I'm the worst correspondent in the world. I shall think of a hundred things to tell and to ask you before the week is gone, but the trouble with me is, I always have so much to say that I keep putting off the letter until there's time to write a long one, and when I do get at it I've forgotten most of the remarks I wanted to make."

"Lois, here's a plan!" proposed Isabel, suddenly. "It has just come to me. Will you take a good-sized envelope and address it to me, and keep it lying on your desk? Then whenever you think of something that belongs especially to me, scribble it on any scrap of paper that happens to be handy, and slip it into 'Isabel's envelope.'"

"You may see something funny on the car, or think something serious while you're at luncheon down town, and you can tell it to me on the back of an old envelope. You might date the messages, but no other formality will be allowed. Then, when the envelope is full, seal it and send it off. I'll do the same, and we'll just see if we can't keep in touch this year without exhausting ourselves letter-writing."

This was two years ago, and the result is that the girl who was "the worst correspondent in the world" at that time has formed the habit of keeping half a dozen envelopes, each addressed to one of her friends, according to Isabel's suggestion; and not the least interesting point about it is that every one of these friends declares that the mail never brings a letter which compares in delight with these packages of fresh, every-day bits from the life of busy Lois.—*The Youth's Companion*.

A FATHER'S FRIENDSHIP. (546)

"There lies the best friend I ever had, except you, mother," a young man said as he stood by his mother's side and gazed for the last time at the face of his father. That is exactly what every father ought to be to his boy—his best friend; but somehow it is not uncommon for that beautiful thing called friendship to fail between father and son. The father loves the boy; he spends his life in working for him; he feeds him, clothes

him, provides him a beautiful house to live in, gives him every advantage in the way of education, and yet, in spite of all this lavish kindness in material things, they are really strangers to each other. It seems as if a solid wall had been built between two hearts, a wall which is none the less strong because it is invisible. The son is stiff, constrained, unhappy in his father's presence, and the father feels hurt at the boy's coldness and ingratitude. But, my dear sir, the fact that you provide all these material things does not affect him. They are like air and water; he has always had them. One gentle touch on the shoulder would mean more to him than all the luxury by which he is surrounded. He does not dream you love him, because you never turn the genial, friendly side of your nature toward him. You are out of touch with him completely, and this separation is your fault, not his; for a child turns instinctively toward a father's heart, and only when he is shut out of it does he go away.

This wall is of your building. You began it when he was a little fellow, and you just told him to "run away, papa is busy." That was the first stone in the pile. By and by he ceased to come to you with his little life's unfoldings, because at night you were tired and wanted to be quiet, and in the morning you were busy with your plans for the day. So now you see him a big, strong fellow, almost as tall as yourself, going in and out daily before you, eating at the same table, kneeling, perhaps, by your side at family prayers, and yet what goes on in that boy's heart and soul you cannot tell. He will not show you because he thinks—and he has good reason to think—you do not care.

If a father influences a son's character he must have a sympathetic knowledge of what the boy cares for most. He must be in the boy's confidence. One of the easiest ways to win that is to be interested in his amusements. The father who will go swimming or skating, who will play a game of marbles or fly a kite with his boy can gain an insight into his nature, and he has a wonderful hold on him. The two are sure to be friends, for nothing charms a boy so much as to have his father for a companion in his pleasures.—*Selected.*

BEAUTIFUL TABLE CUSTOMS. (547)

Quite recently I visited a German widow living in a delightful country seat, with a little son of eight and a daughter of five. As we sat down to the well-spread table, the little boy, folding his hands and closing his eyes, thanked our Father in heaven for the food before us, and asked him to bless it. Then the little girl, in childish accents, repeated, "Lord Jesus, be our guest. Come, and this table bless, and do us good." The little ones were taught by their pious mother to think whom they were addressing.

At several places where we visited in Scotland, the youngest child at the table asked the blessing, and the memory of those sweet, low, reverential, childish voices haunts us yet.

In some families there prevails the beautiful custom of joining in the Lord's Prayer at breakfast; and in one that we visited oft last

summer, this was sometimes omitted, and in its place the twenty-third Psalm recited. For a Sunday morning, after a week of plenty and joy, what can be more suitable?

In other families the silent blessing is the custom; and very touching it is, too, for it seems to make us realize that God is indeed near, when we can give him thanks though our lips move not.—*Exchange.*

DILIGENT IN BUSINESS. (548)

Some time ago an insurance company called a large number of its agents from all over the country to New York for a consultation which lasted several days. The last day there was an excursion "down the bay," given by the company to its agents. On the return trip one of the insurance officials noticed that an agent, a young man from the west, was talking earnestly with one of the officers of the boat. The official's curiosity was aroused, and a conversation with the young man disclosed that he had thought he "might as well be busy while in New York." The result of his activity was that he succeeded in writing a policy for the clerk of the hotel where they stayed, for an elevator man in the building where the insurance offices were, and for one of the mates of the excursion boat.

NOT EASY BUSINESS TO SAVE MEN. (549)

It is not such an easy business to save a man as some people think. It is not to be done by a few earnest words. That is why so many college men have been passed over untouched by our college Young Men's Christian Associations. It is not because we do not have meetings enough, not because we do not know the Bible well enough, not because we are not earnest enough; but it is because we do not proceed rationally enough. It is because we do not sow seed for individuals, and live so that they may be compelled to live this higher life with us. We do not do our work half thoroughly enough. Unless we lay down our lives to save men, we are not following the Master as we ought. It is good business to devote our lives to individuals. It may not be so picturesque, but individual work, where every man singles out his individual to help and save, and stands by him, if multiplied through the universities, would soon win our universities for Christ.—*Henry Drummond.*

CONSUMING ZEAL. (550)

Ernestus, Duke of Luneburg, caused a burning lamp to be stamped on his coin, with these four letters, A. S. M. C.; by which was meant, *Alis Serviens Mepisum Contero* (By giving light to others, I consume myself). Now, if he thought this to be the duty of a prince, how much more we who would help our fellow men, should spend our strength in God's service. We should run the race with cheerfulness, being constant unto the end; knowing that our labor shall not be in vain in the Lord.

"KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR." (551)

The First Baptist church of Worcester, Mass., of which Rev. Dr. L. C. Barnes is the minister, reaches boys through an organization

known as the "Knights of King Arthur." There are three degrees, each boy taking the degrees pledging himself to purity, reverence, etc. The third degree, that of knight, is given only to those boys who have accepted Jesus Christ. In connection with this society there is a boy's Bible class which meets every Tuesday for Bible study. The boys bring their lunch to the church Tuesday evening about six o'clock and meet the leader there. After they have eaten their supper they have a half hour or more of Bible study and the rest of the evening is spent in playing polo and other games.

WHITER THAN SNOW. (551b)

A little five-year-old girl had learned in Sunday School to sing "Whiter Than Snow." One day she sang it at home, and then turned to her father with the question, "Papa, are you whiter than snow?" The shaft went to his heart. He was a man who had been to church twice in three years. Hesitating a little he answered, "I am afraid not."

But he came to our meeting the next night. Since then he and his wife have come regularly, have been converted, and are now members of the church. Surely, a little child shall lead them.—*B. F. Hammond.*

NEEDS THE HUMAN TOUCH. (552)

Acts 20:31; Jno. 11:35.

A man going through a pottery factory one day said to a workman who was turning a vessel on the wheel, "Isn't there a machine made for doing that sort of work so that one would not have to shape it laboriously with the hand as you are doing?" To which the worker replied, "Yes, they've made machines to do it, but they are not a success. Somehow this kind of work needs the *human touch*." That is just the case exactly with men. They need the *human touch*.

LEADING THE FASHIONS. (553)

Rom. 8:13; Gal. 6:8.

A young lady who at one time was an active Christian on becoming older drifted away from her former life and gave herself up to pleasure, dress and society life. Young girls looked upon her with envy and admiration as they saw her the leader of society and enjoying life to the full. One day as she was returning from California an accident occurred on the train and she was fatally injured. They carried her into the dingy little station and there the physician told her she must die in a short time. She looked about her at the dingy walls and the stove stained with tobacco and then turning to the physician said with a half smile, "I have but an hour, you tell me?" "Not more," he said. "And this is all that is left me of the world. It is not much, doctor." The men left the room and the doctor locked the door that she might not be disturbed. She threw her arms over her face and lay quite a long time, then turned on him in a frenzy. "To think of all that I might have done with money and my time! God wanted me to help the poor and the sick; it's too late now. I've only an hour!" She struggled up wildly.

"Why Doctor, I did nothing—nothing but lead the fashion! Now I've only an hour! It's too late!" and in a moment she lay dead at his feet. Think of the men and women who might have been saved; of the poor and lonely who might have been cheered and helped had she chosen to live for Christ instead of fashion.

NEGLECTING TO HELP (554) ✓

Gal. 6:2; Judges 5:23; Matt. 25:45.

Just a few hours after the awful Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago a lady who was returning from the city to her home at Oak Park noticed in the seat opposite her in the street car, a young lady who seemed so pale and agitated that she finally turned to engage her in conversation and ask the cause of her unusual excitement. With intense emotion the young lady stated that she was one of the few who had escaped unhurt from the terrible disaster at the theatre, she having been borne along with the fear maddened crowd, trampling upon the writhing forms of those who had fallen never to arise again. When she had finished the older lady said: "Certainly you ought to feel thankful that you escaped such a frightful death." Quickly the now weeping girl replied, "Yes, I know I ought to be thankful, but Oh, I didn't save anyone!" Hoping to comfort her the lady soothingly said, "Yes, dear, but you were perfectly excusable in acting for yourself under such intense excitement." Instead of taking comfort from the words the trembling girl only bowed her head and sobbed aloud, "Yes, but I didn't even *try* to help anyone!" That same cry will arise from the lips of many a Christian some day when it is known that loved ones in the home died worse than physical deaths and yet they hadn't even *tried* to help save them. The burning shame of it all is that we do not *try*.

A HERO. (555)

A few Sundays ago at a meeting for men conducted by an Eastern Y. M. C. A. at which 3,000 men were present and 300 professed conversion, a cripple so twisted out of shape that it was really painful to see him drag himself about, came hobbling down to the front, bringing with him a man who wanted to confess Christ. As they drew near to the platform on which the speaker stood to welcome the seekers, the great audience, knowing the sterling Christian character of the cripple and seeing his earnestness in bringing the man to Christ, broke into cheers at such a show of heroism.

"Is milk a healthy drink for children; is it also good for persons in middle life and old age?"

Ans. Yes. But milk is food as well as drink. This and the fact that it must be digested, should be borne in mind. Otherwise digestion may be overtaxed, by even so excellent a food as milk. Milk does not agree with some people, but the number of these is far less than many suppose. Of course milk should be from healthy cows, fresh and pure. Milk is very easily and in many ways made impure. Some kinds of such impurity render milk highly poisonous.

Topics Illustrated—Family Religion

BY G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

"When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also." 2 Tim. 1:5.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Josh. 24:15.

"For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him." Gen. 18:19.

"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Eph. 3:15.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6.

"And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers." Mal. 4:6.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." Mark 5:19.

CHRISTIAN HOMES THE HOPE OF THE WORLD. (556)

Everything that is good in the church or in society is first planted, shielded, nurtured in good homes. A thoroughly Christian home implies a great deal. The spirit of Christianity aims at the totality of our being, mind and heart, as well as conscience. There are many sides to our nature and all need to be duly cultivated. The science of life is the greatest of the sciences. The art of life is the chief of all the arts. And it would be nonsense to suppose that all this could come about by any sort of blind and idle chance. A home that is really good, that is radically and thoroughly Christian, is a center of eager, incessant, manifold activities. It is full of animation. It is alive to itself and keenly sensitive to its surroundings. Everything that is human is of interest to it. Each true Christian home seems to itself to be the very center of the world, from which its lines of intelligent sympathy reach out everywhere. The home,—no more than the individual,—does not exist for itself. If it tries to, it will miserably fail. Every good family is conscious of being part of the whole family of which God is the Father, and its members are eager to keep in communication with the deepest longings, the worthiest actions, the noblest thoughts, the finest utterances, of others everywhere, past and present, and so of striking into the swim and mid-current of all the best and mightiest life of the world. If Christian missions have any meaning, it is in the creation and multiplication of good homes. Good homes are the hope of the world.—*Advance.*

THE DECAY OF FAMILY LIFE. (557)

The family is a divine institution founded by God and hedged in by his laws. Today, however, its religious significance is largely lost sight of, and both before and after marriage, convenience is the principle that regulates everything. Christ's teaching on the subject of divorce was plain; but when it is pro-

claimed from the pulpit now, the hearer goes his way and says, "Our minister thinks thus about divorce," as if it were merely an individual opinion and could be disregarded. The old romance and sanctity that lay about the home has been largely destroyed by what we call increasing civilization. When I was a boy, I used to declaim the stirring lines, "Strike for your altars and your fires; strike for the green graves of your sires." But now the altars and fires are register-holes in the wall, and the green graves of the sires are vaults of stone made to look as much like small palaces as wealth can make them; and nobody would care to fight for either. I saw the other day a motto, "God Bless Our Flat;" that was all that there was left of the home. I do not oppose the flat system; but I say that anything that breaks up the home feeling aims a blow at the Church and State. When the romance and sacredness of home is gone, then it seems as if even decency very soon departs. Bickerings arise, recriminations follow; and one of the pair goes across the State line to get permission to break the sacred union. How can there be any home life among our rich people, with one house in the country, another in town, and a couple of months in Florida between? And as if this were not bad enough, they take their children abroad for some years. I have lived in Paris and watched the effect of these European sojourns; and I know whereof I speak, when I say that they are bad for our sons and still worse for our daughters. They come back denationalized, having lost all idea of love of home life, and happy only when counting the days before they return to their beloved Europe. When this family life is destroyed, the Church has lost its chief ally.—*The late Charles S. Robison, D. D.*

TIMOTHY'S TEXT BOOK. (558)

The ancestors of Timothy with a few other Hebrew families, probably came to the little town of Lystra some three centuries before and had preserved their identity in the midst of prevailing heathenism by the faithful training of the children of each successive generation in the Scriptures of the Old Testament.—*Rev. W. H. Hubbard, D. D.*

BEGIN EARLY. (559)

A convention of Christian mothers in Cincinnati were having a discussion of when they ought to begin with their children to lead them to Christ. One mother said she always began when they were six, another said she began at seven, a third said, I begin when they speak their first word. Finally an older woman, a woman who is well known through this country, rose up and faced the great group of Christian mothers, and she said, "My sisters, you are all wrong. The time to begin is the generation before the child is born; homes are better, the children are raised in the fear of God, and the future is safe."—*Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.*

JESUS IN THE HOME. (560)

A little girl went on an errand to an elegant house, and the *Little Learner's Paper* tells the result of her visit as follows:

The lady was proud of her home and she showed Jennie the carpets, pictures, ornaments and flowers, and asked, "Don't you think these things are lovely?"

"They are pretty," said Jennie. "What a beautiful home for Jesus to visit! Does he ever come here?"

"Why, no," said the lady.

"Don't you ever ask him?" asked Jennie. "We have only a room and a bedroom, and we have no carpets and pretty things, but Jesus comes and makes us very happy."

The lady told her husband what Jennie had said and he replied, "I have often thought that we ought to thank God for his goodness and ask him to come and live with us."

They became Christians and Jesus came to live with them and made them happy. Jesus blesses every home to which he comes.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE. (561)

It was a source of much trouble to the fishes to see the lobsters swimming backwards instead of forwards. They, therefore, called a meeting, and it was determined to open a class for instruction, which was done, and a number of young lobsters came, for the fishes gravely argued that if they commenced with the young ones, as they grew up, they would learn to swim aright. At first they did very well, but afterwards, when they returned home, and saw their fathers and mothers swimming in the old way, they soon forgot their lessons.

This fable teaches a very practical lesson. It emphasizes the importance of the home life of a man.

Children will return to what they see their parents do.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE. (562)

In the market square of the little town of Wantage there is a beautiful marble statue of King Alfred with this inscription:

"Alfred the Great, The West Saxon King, born at Wantage, A. D. 849. Alfred found learning dead, and he revived it; the laws powerless, and he gave them force; the church debased, and he raised it; the land ravaged by a fearful enemy, from which he delivered it. Alfred's name shall live as long as mankind shall respect the past."

If it had not been for the faithfulness of Queen Judith to Alfred in his boyhood there might not have been anything in the life of King Alfred that succeeding generations would like to commemorate with a public monument. In molding his life she influenced the history of England for the better for a thousand years.—*Rev. W. H. Hubbard, D. D.*

MADE BY MOTHERS. (563)

"My mother," says John D. Rockefeller, "taught me to make everything count. When I became partner in a grocery, I got some barrels of beans—cheap, because there were many black ones among them. I expected to sell them cheap, too. But my mother said:

"John, put in all your spare time, night and day, sorting those beans, and then they will be all extra quality and you can sell them at an extra price."

"For weeks I worked, picking over those beans, by hand, throwing out all the black ones. It was a lesson I have never forgotten. Through me, my mother says to all young men:

"Throw the worthless out of your life; make everything count."

THE BEST CONFIDANTS. (564)

That daughter's purity is safe whose Christian mother shares every secret of her heart; that son's character is hedged about, who has for his most confidential friend a Christian father. They are in danger who wear a mask in the presence of kind parents, and uncover the heart and inner life only to those who have no right to receive such confidences.—*United Presbyterian.*

A PATHETIC INCIDENT. (565)

That was a pathetic incident narrated at the funeral of Henry W. Fales, long a conductor on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad. Late in life he came to unite with a Methodist church in New York city, and as he received his first communion, he remarked to the pastor "I am following my mother, even if it is a long way behind. But ever since those old Vermont days when she taught me my duty I've tried my best to follow her. I hope she knows it now." Stronger, indeed, than death is a Christian mother's influence.

GRACE AT MEAT: SOME FORMS. (566)

We accept, O Lord, these gifts as from thee who art the giver of every good and perfect gift that descendeth from above. Teach us, in receiving them, as we live upon thy bounty so to live to thy glory. For Christ's sake. Amen.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, thy mercies are new every morning and fresh every evening. Give us hearts of gratitude and praise for all thy blessings. Make us thy children, devoted to thy praise; and let us find acceptance in thy sight, for our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

Accept, Lord, our thanks for thy mercies. Bless this provision of thy bounty. Feed our souls with the bread of life; and grant that we may sit with thee at thy table in thy kingdom; for thine own name's sake. Amen.

We give thee thanks, O God, our Father, for all these material bounties. Let our souls not want for the bread of life, and teach us, in receiving both temporal and spiritual mercies, to be ever mindful of thee, the giver of all good; for our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

Lord, we bless thee for these provisions of thy grace. May our hearts go out in thanksgiving and praise for all thy mercies. May we hunger and thirst after righteousness, that our souls may be filled, and we be enabled to glorify thee in our lives here and hereafter;

and thou shalt have all the praise, now and forever. Amen.

In answer to the desire for a short form of blessing to be used before meat, Rev. R. D. Mallory gives in *The Congregationalist* the following:

"Bless this food to our use and us in thy service."

"For these and all thy mercies we give thee thanks, O God."

"We thank thee, O God, for this food; may we spend the strength it gives in more acceptable service to thee."

"We thank thee, our Father, or thy remembrance of us and for thy provision for all our needs."

"We recognize in these mercies the hand of the Giver, O thou who givest liberally and upbraidest not. May we in return give ourselves more unreservedly to thee."

"Help us to do all that we do, whether we eat or drink, unto the glory of God."

"May this food, our Heavenly Father, remind us of our need of the true Bread, of which if a man eat he shall live forever."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." (Repeated in concert.)

"Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee."

(Repeated in concert or sung.)

FAMILY WORSHIP. (567)

"Father, is God dead?" said a bright little 10-year-old girl, who has recently been bereaved of her mother. "No, dear," said he, "what makes you ask such a question?" "Oh, father," she replied, "you used to pray to him night and morning when mother was alive; but you do not now. I wondered whether God was dead, too."

At family prayers impressions are made which are never erased from memory and heart, and which may bear fruit to all eternity. This means of grace will deepen the love and increase the unity of the family. Shall those who are the heads of households be over-anxious for the temporal and physical needs of those dependent upon them, and be utterly indifferent to their spiritual and eternal welfare? Those who neglect this all-important duty may well be likened to the bird that "leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them; she is hardened against her young as though they were not hers."

As to the form of the worship each one must decide for himself. Spurgeon's advice on this matter is wise: "They who pray do well; they who pray and read do better; they who pray and read and sing do best of all." If every family becomes a little church, it will not be long before every church would be a little family. Oh, that every Christian home may be a temple, and that each and all may say: "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord!"—*W. L. Richardson.*

FAMILY WORSHIP. (568)

There is probably no mistress of a household who has not felt uncertain about asking guests to join in family worship. Every one has acquaintances she would not hesitate to ask to the table, and would hesitate to ask to the home altar. Perhaps the reluctance arises from a dissimilarity of creed, and a fear of offence in consequence. But the diversity of the creed is no bar. Prayer has nothing to do with creeds. Prayer is the universal religion, and men of every creed and men of no creed may meet together at the feet of one heavenly Father. The reluctance arises more likely from that weak shamefacedness that too often prevents sympathy between friends on spiritual subjects. They are afraid to be misunderstood, smiled at, criticised. This latter idea is one that even good and great men have not always met bravely, for when Dr. Fuller once had some guests of great quality and fashion, God-fearing as he was, he omitted his family worship on their account. This act, which he bitterly repented, he designated as "a bold bashfulness, which durst offend God, while it did fear man." But we should remember with the grand old preacher that our guests, though they be ever so high or rich, are yet by all the laws of hospitality below us while they sojourn under our roof. Therefore, whoever comes within our door should also come within our household customs and discipline. If they sit at our table for meat, it is but kind and right that they should also bow at it in prayer.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE MERCY SEAT IN THE HOME.

(569)

When the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, was on his death bed his infant daughter was placed before him at his request, and he uttered a fervent prayer for her, particularly beseeching the Lord that if she should live to be queen of England, she might "rule in the fear of God." In the long life, the Christian character and the righteous rule of Queen Victoria we may behold God's answer to the prayer of her dying father, with its encouragement to parents to commend Christ unto their children and commit them to the care of their heavenly Father.

A young man was brought to confess Christ as his Saviour. He said that his father was faithful and fervent in his observance of family prayer, and that he particularly insisted on the presence of his children at that service. They were not interested in it, rather adverse to it, and ingenious as well as indefatigable in excuses for absenting themselves. In after years this young man realized how that daily service had been a means of grace to him. It kept gospel truth before his mind and was instrumental in leading him to such earnest and attentive study of the Scriptures that he became an avowed Christian.

It was startling to hear a young lady born and bred in good society declare that family worship was an absolute novelty to her. It is sad to think of a home without a mercy seat, and to realize how many are reared without its gracious influences upon their lives.—*Arthur Newman.*

THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR—APRIL

By G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

Sabbath

Spring

Arbor Day

Sunday Reform Associations in all lands have appointed April 28th to May 4th, inclusive, as the World's Week of Prayer for the Lord's Day. Just before the summer flood of Sabbath-breaking, we are called every year to protect the imperiled Lord's Day by a week of prayer and prevention. Let us recall gratefully as one of the surviving gifts of the lost Paradise the Sabbath which was from the very beginning divinely "made for man," and which is therefore not to be considered as Hebrew, but human and humane. Let us ponder the profound significance of the fact that in the God-given Ten Commandments, the keystone, largest of all, is the Sabbath commandment, the breaking of which leads to the breaking of others and the keeping of which leads to the keeping of the others.

We should remember that Jesus taught us to observe the weekly Sabbath, and by an act that was in effect a legislative act, transferred by the Holy Spirit, its rest and special worship to the Lord's day, so called by his apostle of love in the New Testament, and so called every week since in unbroken succession.

Let us pray that this succession of divine and human blessing may not be broken by the greed for gain and the greed for pleasure that together assail it with unprecedented animus at this time.

Let this Week of Prayer to God be first of all a week of very much importunate prayer in public, around the family altar, and in the closet; but also let it be a week of petitioning national and state and local officers for better legislation and better enforcement of existing laws. Let us particularly appeal to Congress for a law against Sunday banking in the money order and registry divisions of the post office, but recently permitted. Let specific efforts be made in each town to abolish or diminish work in post offices, which London and Toronto prove unnecessary. Let timely literature be distributed in every town and city by a modern "seventy" going two and two from house to house. Where possible let Sunday trains be stopped, but in any case let Christians be persuaded to stop using them. So, also, with Sunday papers, in which every form of Sunday work is combined—that of professional men, the editors; of mechanics, the printers; of merchants, the news-dealers; of hucksters, the newsboys; also the work of carriers and amusement venders; making it inconsistent for one who makes or sells or buys or advertises in a Sunday paper to condemn any form of Sunday work. Let us not rely alone on law but make large use of the "arrest of thought" to prevent that large part of Sabbath breaking which is due to "want of thought" rather than "want of heart."

TEXTS AND THEMES.

The Sabbath—Its Maker, Gen 2 : 3.

The Sabbath—Its reason. Mark 2 : 27.

The Sabbath—Its Lord. Luke 6 : 5.

The Sabbath—Its commandment. Deut. 5 : 12.

The Sabbath—How to keep it. Matt. 12 : 12.

The Sabbath—How not to keep it. Neh. 10 : 31.

Remember the Sabbath Day.—Exod. 2 : 8-11; 31 : 12-17; 35 : 2, 3; Lev. 19 : 30; 23 : 3; Deut. 5 : 12-15.

Honoring the Day.—Exod. 16 : 23, 27-30; Neh. 10 : 29, 31; 18 : 15-19; Isa. 53 : 13, 14; Jer. 17 : 21, 22, 27; Luke 23 : 54-56.

By Worship.—Ps. 5 : 7; 29 : 2; 95 : 1, 2, 6; 99 : 5; 132 : 7; Ezek. 46 : 1-3.

By Service.—Matt. 12 : 12; Luke 4 : 16, 31; 13 : 14-16; Acts 13 : 14-16; 16 : 13; 18 : 4.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." Rev. 1 : 10. The Sabbath was made for man, it is true, and yet it is rightly called "the Lord's Day." It is ours all the more because it is God's. We do not really possess anything until we recognize God's joint ownership, and get him to show us how to use it.

"Doing thy pleasure on my holy day." Isa. 58 : 13. Dr. Gordon said once that the devil is not satisfied with putting his trademark on the Lord's property, causing man to render to God worship which is false and hypocritical. He even gets men to give up their worship days altogether, and get in return days filled with the devil's pleasure-seeking or Sunday labor. "O what trades men will make with God's capital!"

"Then shall the land keep a Sabbath." Lev. 25 : 2. After seven "weeks of years" all lands among the Jews were to return to their original owners, there was to be a general leveling up. That is what the Sabbath does to this day. All men are more nearly on a level on that day than on any other—master and servant, employee and employer. It is the great democratic day.

"Six days shalt thou labor." Ex. 20 : 9. This is a command to labor on six days as well as to rest on the seventh. The two go together. It is indeed strange that working men do not see that the Sabbath is their greatest friend. A Y. M. C. A. secretary in Chicago learned one Sunday last summer that 64,000 persons were in attendance on baseball games in that city. He addressed 12,000 men in seven meetings in railway shops and factories. When asked how many had attended church the Sunday before, only fifty-two raised their hands. Fifty of these had gone to Catholic churches, and only two to Protestant.

"Keep it holy." Ex. 20 : 8. The fourth commandment is not all negative—"Thou shalt not." It is more necessary to remember what to do than what not to do on the Sabbath. You are to rest your body and refresh your mind. You are to worship God and help men. If you do these things faithfully, you will have no time nor will to do what you should not do.

"Ye bring more wrath upon Israel by pro-

faning the Sabbath." Neh. 13 : 18. So spoke Nehemiah, the upright ruler: "Rulers have a great responsibility in this matter. Admiral Schley has nobly declared that wherever he is, he makes it a rule to attend worship on the Sabbath, whether at home, on shipboard, or in foreign lands. He considers it a duty of his office to inculcate good morals in his men, and let every one know that his country is one that honors God.

THOUGHTS ON THE SABBATH.

"Keep your Sundays for the great things of the soul."—*Rev. N. D. Hillis.*

"The interests of the Sabbath are the interests of the poor; the enemies of the Sabbath are the enemies of the poor."—*Prof. George Adam Smith.*

"As we keep or break the Sabbath day, we nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope by which man arises."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

"Oh, what a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of worldly business like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan! There is nothing in which I advise you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath holy."—*Wilberforce.*

"Every citizen who stays at home on Sunday, forsaking the institution to live his individual life, hangs out a flag at his front door, inscribed, 'The church is not worth while.'"—*Dean Hodges.*

"Because Sunday is the soul's parlor day, the day for reason and imagination and conscience, our age, with its overwrought bodies, its over-taxed brains, its jaded hearts, needs it as our fathers did."—*N. D.*

A CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGE.

The matter of Sabbath observance is a matter of personal duty and privilege. It is also one of public policy and the general good. The Sabbath question has developed a conflict, and it is important that good men throw their influence upon the right side. One may feel that he is justified in doing certain things; but if they line him up with the enemies of the Sabbath, he is equally justified in not doing them. It is always the right of a Christian to give up his rights. He may be more strict than the law requires, if such strictness is for the general good.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

DEFINITIONS OF SUNDAY.

"The golden link in the chain of days."

"Desert sunshine."

"Islets of hope amid the billows of doubt and care."

"Channels bringing the water of life to the pasture lands of the flock."

"The believer's joy."

"The golden clasp of the week's volume."

"The pause in time which indicates eternity."

"A flower from Eden's garden which still blooms amid the universal blight of sin."

"The day of rising hopes and buried fears."

"Pledge of earth's eternal jubilee."

"The dove which is ever returning to us bearing the olive branch."

"The 'mount of God,' whence man may view the promised land."

"The golden hours of time."

"The brightest gem in man's casket of mercies."

"The brightest jewel in the week's coronet."

"The week's incense."

"Buoys amidst the quicksands of time, marking the channel to the haven of peace."

"Nooks in the sides of the hill of difficulty, affording rest and shelter to pilgrims Zionward."

"An oasis in the desert, where the way-worn traveler drinks of the fountain of the water of life, and eats the fruit of the tree of life."

"The pearl of days."

"As the flower to the plant, so is Sunday to the home, evolving all its elements in one fair blossom."

"The Sundays of man's life,

Threaded together on time's string,

May be bracelets to adorn the wife

Of the eternal, glorious King."

"Heaven's milestone on the highway of time."

"Smooth stepping-stones along the stream of life."

IMPORTED GREED.

We have a sufficient supply of native greed, but one of the serious perils threatening our Canadian Sabbath is imported greed. Not merely in the form of capital, determined to make large profits at any cost, but not infrequently in the form of foremen, managers, superintendents and the like, who come in to superintend various forms of industry, and who insist upon a large amount of unnecessary work being done on the Lord's day.—*A Canadian Testimony.*

THE SABBATH AND THE SANCTUARY.

An important part of Sabbath observance is church attendance. We are not only to abstain from worldly work. We are to worship. Public worship is profitable not only to the church-goer, but to others. It does good to the family. It makes men more faithful to duty. It makes husbands and wives kinder to each other. It makes children more obedient to parents. It makes children, as well as grown people, purer in their language and more honest in all things. It is good for the community. It makes better citizens and safer business men.

Church-going sets a good example. It commends religion to the world. It is a constantly repeated confession of faith. It is an effective way of letting one's light shine, and so of glorifying God and leading others to glorify him. It brings one into line with the forces of rightebusiness, and so encourages and strengthens those who labor to elevate humanity. It increases interest in the kingdom of God and in the means used to extend it, and invites opportunities to take part in the great work.—*Applied Theology.*

Spring and Arbor Day

"The origin of Arbor Day is attributed to the state of Nebraska. But in an old Swiss chronicle it is related that away back in the fifth century the people of a little Swiss town called Brugg assembled in council and resolved to plant a forest of oak trees on the common. The first rainy day thereafter the citizens began their work. They dug holes in the ground with canes and sticks and dropped

an acorn into each hole, tramping the dirt over them. Upward of twelve sacks were sown in this way, and after the work was done each citizen received a wheaten roll as a reward."

ARBOR DAY, ITS NECESSITY.

"Arbor Day, judging from the great amount of interest which both the press and public are taking in the matter, has come to be a sort of annual festival and public holiday over a great portion of the country, and is being more generally observed as the years go by.

"This is as it should be. Sympathetic tree planting as a means not only of re-stocking the denuded districts in the older sections of the country, but also of creating a growth of timber on the hitherto treeless plains of the far West, is important, if not an actual necessity. Since the inauguration of Arbor Day millions and millions of fruit, shade, and forest trees have been planted, adding to the beauty and value of homes and lands, and thus increasing the prosperity of the whole community. Therefore let every one who can—whether he be at home on the farm or a village or suburban resident with ground adapted to the purpose—assist in commemorating Arbor Day by planting one or more trees as the circumstances permit."

VOCAL WITH MELODY.

Just now the woods are alive with vocal melody and the birds share with us in the dear delights of opening spring. Somebody says that once in every man's life there comes a time when he could be a poet; and once in the year every bird can sing, the cause being the same in both cases. "Tis love, love, love, that makes the world go round," and also makes the feathered flock break forth into melody. For it is easy to sing when all the world joins in the chorus.

Just now all the hardy birds, hawks, crows, fowls, woodpeckers, robins, larks, bluebirds, song sparrows, doves, redwings, all are in full feather and ready for business. And soon come thrushes, wrens, catbirds, and countless other of our old-time friends, singing away with all their hearts until the whole countryside is gay. The man with the plow is, for a season, king among his fellows. But for his honest hard work, his rising early and lying down late, where would we be, and wherewithal should the world be fed?

WITH GOD IN SPRINGTIME.

"But we, going before to the ship, set sail for Assos, there intending to take in Paul: for so had he appointed, intending himself to go by land." Acts 20 : 13.

It is Monday morning, March 19, in the year of our Lord, 56, when Paul, taking leave of the brethren at Troas, set out on his long solitary walk to Assos. His friends had gone on before by sea, round by Cape Lectum, say forty or fifty miles, and Paul, going on foot, across the base of the triangle, had agreed to meet them at the port. It is a walk of twenty miles by the Roman road. It is springtime. The oak woods are in leaf; the spring flowers in bloom, and resonant with the music of bird and brook; it is a morning for nature's worship, and Paul is alone with God.

That was no doubt his object in leaving the

ship and its noisy deck; to enjoy a few quiet hours in solitude, for prayer and meditation, for much needed fellowship with God his Father in Christ. He had been passing through months and years of trial, danger, and vicissitude, not to speak of his labors and travels, wherein no rest was possible for him, either in mind or body; and now no hart ever panted so eagerly for the water-brook as his soul thirsted for God, the living God.

To that walk with God all his surroundings were favorable.

I. He was alone with himself. In the street and in society we see ourselves as others see us. We are poor and despised; we are rich and respected; we are ignorant and neglected; we are educated and referred to; we are measured by the years of our prime. Alone in the solitudes of nature we see ourselves as God sees us. We are the creatures of divine workmanship, made in the image and likeness of the Trinity; objects of divine beneficence; heirs of immortality; the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Here Paul was a child of heaven. Like the oak of the Troad he had been created for his Master's service and glory. Hunted and persecuted, an outcast of his fellows in Europe and Asia, he is nevertheless a "chosen vessel" unto Christ, and has a crown awaiting him that fadeth not away.

II. Again, he is alone with God in his works. It was springtime, Nature's resurrection. The winter was past, the rains were over, the flowers were opening, the time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land. Paul felt "the impulse from the vernal wood," the thrill of the resurrection and the life. "Behold, I make all things new." I can revive your drooping faith, re-awaken within you the music of hope, quicken the life of holiness, and make you strong as the woodland oak against the storms and tempests of the world. "Fear not for I am with thee."

III. And Paul was alone with the memories of the past and the promises of the future. So the Apostle emerged from those spring woods, and went on his way rejoicing. Old Mount Ida, on his left, looking down on the graves of Homeric heroes, witnessed none greater than that Christian warrior who was fighting the good fight, finishing his course, and keeping the faith; for here was one who was "more than conqueror, through him that loved him." "*Quis separabit!*"—Rev. Dr. Balgarnie, in the *London Christian*.

PLANTING TREES—RULES.

A tree planter of experience suggests the following rules:

1. Plant small trees. They will soon outgrow those planted larger.
2. Trim smoothly with a sharp knife all bruised and broken roots.
3. Keep the roots moist all the time.
4. Make the hole for the reception of the tree much too large and too deep. Then fill it, as need requires, with good, rich, sandy soil.
5. Keep the tree mulched and moist, at least for the first summer.
6. Prune early to determine the future shape of your tree.

Among the curiosities of tree life is the so-far, or whistling tree, of Nubia. When the wind blows over this tree it gives out flutelike sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange, weird melodies. It is the spirits of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say, but the scientific white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small holes which an insect bores in the spines of the branches.

The weeping tree of the Canary islands is another arboreal freak. This tree in the driest weather will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk and find it pure and fresh. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores situated at the base of the leaves.

PLANT A TREE.

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clouds of time
Into heaven sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day is fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
He plants peace,
Under its green curtain jargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft as sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shall be.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest,
Plant: Life does the rest,
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree.
And his work its own reward shall be.

—Lucy Larcom.

PLANT A TREE.

Plant a tree!
Nurture it well!
Who can tell
Whom it may shade at noon?
The insects, the birds,
The flocks and the herds—
To them it will be a boon—
Perchance to thee!
Plant a tree!

Plant a tree!
It will stand
With a helping hand
For all that come into its reach,
The strong, the faint,
The sinner, the saint—
What a lesson a tree can teach
To thee and me!
Plant a tree!

—Emma C. Dowd.

The Kingly Tree

"A tree," says Pope, "is a nobler object than a king in his coronation robes."

"THE GOOD NEWS OF OUT-DOORS."

"And the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." Gen. 2 : 15.

There are many gospels, but, after all only one Gospel. For a gospel is simply good news. Today I would speak of the Gospel of God in the garden; the Good News of Out-Doors. God taught man this good news by putting him in a garden to dress it and to keep it. Alas! man forgot the Gospel as soon as he could, by taking himself out of the garden. All good news may be reduced to this: God is, God is good, God has revealed himself to men. Tidings that deny this or ignore it are not good tidings. The philosophy, the university, the system of ethics, the book, the man, that does not directly or indirectly lead to God, has no good news for the world.

The books of Matthew and Mark and Luke and John are pre-eminently our gospels because they reveal God the Father in the face of Jesus Christ.

But there are other good tidings in book and brook, in bird and tree, in science and discovery, in ancient manuscript and modern sermon, in everything that reveals and drives home the tremendous truth, "God is, and is the Rewarder of those who diligently seek him."

I speak of the Gospel of Out-Doors, the great good tidings of God in his beautiful world. But I do not think that the Gospel of Out-Doors is a substitute for the Gospel of In-Doors; that because a man can find God in the woods that therefore he does not need to look for and listen to him in the church; that the gospel of the brook takes the place of the Gospel of the Book.

Talking of worshipping God in the long drawn aisles of the woodland rather than in the church dedicated to his name, is often a sop to conscience, a mere excuse to the inward monitor that condemns a Sunday on the golf-links or at the fishing-pool.

I. Nay, I declare that he who does not find God in the sanctuary and in his Word will not often find him in his works.

The lightning flash or the dash of the waterfall does not reveal God to the mere materialist. In the one he sees so many volts of electricity, in the other so many horse power that may drive a mill. The bird does not sing of God to the gross unbeliever or the flower tell of his beauty and fragrance. We must take something with us into the woods if we would bring anything back. We must know

the secret place of his tabernacles, what it is to be hid in his pavilion, if we would see him in the snowy landscape of December or the budding leaves of May.

II. The opposite of this, alas! is true of many a man. "God cometh and findeth nothing in us." God cometh in the thundercloud and we do not hear his voice. God speaks in the whirlwind and we do not recognize his majesty. God meets us in the quiet voice of the zephyr, in the modest upturned face of the spring violet, or the fringed gentian in the fall, and we do not see or hear, because he hath nothing in us.

So in order to understand the Gospel of Out-Doors, we must have the gospel of the secret place with God, the good tidings of the quiet hour alone with him, the joyful news which Jesus whispers to us saying, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." Then every tree and shrub, every flower and fern, every star in the heavens and every fleecy cloud that veils them, will say to us, as Mt. Blanc shouted in the ear of Coleridge, "God, *God*, God, GOD."

III. Especially is the Gospel of Out-Doors an antidote for the particular evils of our own day and generation. If by some master-stroke the slums could be transported to the Vermont hills or the Adirondack woods or the South Dakota prairies, as Adam was put forth in the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it, half the problems of our present-day civilization would be solved.

If at the same time with this removal of the submerged tenth, the equally submerged members of the Four Hundred at the other end of the social scale, the men and women submerged in the petty requirements of society, submerged in selfishness, greed, and indifference to their country, their political duties and their fellow men, submerged in depths of moral iniquity that so often culminates in the divorce court, if these men could also be planted in another garden and made to dress it and keep it, pretty nearly the other half of our national problems would be solved, "for justice will spring out of the ground, and righteousness will look down from Heaven."

No nation was ever overthrown by its farmers. Chaldea and Egypt, Greece and Rome, grew rotten and ripe for destruction not in the fields, but in the narrow lanes and crowded city streets, and in the palaces of their nobility. So let us thank God and take courage as we see in our day the movement countryward; the "abandoned farm" no longer abandoned; the long and ceaseless line of hardy immigrants moving northwestward to take up the yet unfurrowed fields; the fascination of nature-study for our boys and girls; indeed for "the call of the wild" heard in these days from so many quarters and in such eager imperative tones.

Surely the history of the creation is repeating itself, and again is the Lord God taking man and putting him in a garden to dress it and to keep it.

Just as the slums, reeking more and more with the moral filth of the gutter; just as the commercial spirit seemed to be prostrating it-

self before the dollar sign, saying, "We will have no Gods before thee," just as our complex artificial life seemed to be lording it completely over the slower, simpler life of our fathers, God opened fresh fields and pastures new to jaded humanity, and at the same time created in a reaction a hunger for the soil and a love for out-doors such as it had not known before.

Whatever may be said against the athletics of the day, its brutality, its gambling spirit, this thought mitigates a multitude of its sins, that it is the preacher of the Gospel of Out-doors to the multitude who otherwise would know little about it. Few of these sports can be indulged in under cover; none but the most degraded and degrading are indigenous to city life.

But God's air and sunlight are free to all. God's pictures are painted on nature's ever-varying canvas for every one. It is only a matter of our looking. To every one who has legs to walk and eyes to see, they are all free, for God never shuts up his best gifts in a gallery or makes them dependent on the size of our bank account.

IV. What, then, may the Gospel of Out-doors do for each one of us?

1. It may bring us back to the simple life which this feverish artificial age so sadly lacks. "The least crumb of reality," says Charles Wagner, "an ant at work, a child at play, a leaf falling to the ground, has always strangely fascinated me. The attraction of living things is inexhaustible. Each one of them by an irresistible movement becomes a sign lesson, symbol. There is no rivulet, however small, that does not conduct to the sea. There is not a hidden pathway in the valley which, step by step, does not lead up to the heights. The whole creation talks to him who knows how to lend an ear."

2. Then is this out-doors outlook and up-look especially needed by the so-called educated man, whose learning smells altogether of the library or the laboratory. There is an intellectual exclusiveness which is only one shade less offensive than the snobbery of wealth. Books, books, and what can be dug out of books, or put into books, is all of life to some. Such need to learn that

"One impulse from the vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

3. Then there is a blessed freedom that comes only to the man of out-doors—a liberty of spirit, an unswathing of the bands of convention and custom, an expansion of soul which comes to those who know God in nature.

The Gospel of Out-doors is chiefly interpreted by the Bible, and in turn largely helps us to understand the Bible. When the psalmist would declare the greatness of Jehovah, he takes us out-doors with him, and bids us look up at the stars, and mark the fleet-winged chariot of cloud, and listen to the voice of the wind.

We turn to that wonderful poem called the Book of Job, the book which Froude declared, when it was fully understood, would be seen

UNUSUAL

towering up alone, above all the poetry of the world, and we hear Jehovah himself rebuking the one-sided arguments of Eliphaz and the youthful presumptuousness of Elihu as well as the despairing pessimism of Job's wail of anguish, by taking them all out-of-doors, and showing them his invincible might in the heaven above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, a sight which led Job to cry out in lowly reverence: "I have heard of thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee . . . wherefore I repent in dust and ashes."

And this is the way God brought the patriarch to himself; not by argument, not by philosophy, but by declaring his might and beauty in the visible world.

When Isaiah, stern prophet of retribution as he is, tells of God's goodness to a repentant people, he must go out-of-doors to find his similes. In the mountains and the hills, in the fir trees and the myrtles, he finds the symbol of God's everlasting loving kindness.

But not only David and Job and Isaiah, but He who spake as never man spake, takes us into the open with him. His greatest sermon was preached from the pulpit of a rough hill-side while his audience sat upon the grass. He stood in the stern of a little boat, tossing upon the gentle waves, while his hearers lined the shore. He tells them of the lilies, one of which he perhaps plucked as he spake, and held before them. He talked of the birds, which perhaps sang to the people while he talked about them. The mustard seed is not too small, and the mountain which might be removed and cast into the sea is not too large, to illustrate his lesson of faith. He went fishing with his disciples, and spent his nights of prayer not in an oratory, but on the mountainside.

Then let us come back, led by our Lord's gentle hand to our thought at the beginning, that the good tidings of out-doors, like every other gospel, is to bring us to God the Father, through his Son Jesus Christ.

Nature hath many voices, but one theme. Many instruments are in her orchestra, but they are all tuned to the same key. They all tell of His infinite might and majesty and power. Think, then of hills and valleys not alone as agricultural possibilities; of leaf and tree not only from the forester's standpoint; of purling brook in summer or icy lake in winter not simply as places for sport; but of each as a messenger to lead your spirit upward and onward.

Aye, and these eloquent teachings shall not narrow and dwarf our souls by telling us of anything sordid and mean and selfish, but they will speak of duty and privilege, of love and hope, of right and wrong, of man and God.—*Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D.*

A NEW EMPHASIS.

According to good authority, some children were lately discussing the Sunday services in the fashionable church at which the family worshiped. "Well, now," said the seven-year-old boy, "I should like to know what the sermon is for, anyway." "Why, Harry, don't you know?" answered his five-year-old sister. "It's to give the singers a rest, of course."

A young minister in a college town was embarrassed by the thought of criticism in his cultivated congregation.

He sought counsel from his father, an old and wise minister, saying:

"Father, I am hampered in my ministry in the pulpit I am now serving. If I cite anything from geology, there is Prof. A——, teacher of this science, right before me. If I use an illustration of Roman mythology, there is Prof. B—— ready to trip me up for my little inaccuracy. If I instance something in English literature that pleases me, I am cowed by the presence of the learned man that teaches that branch. What shall I do?"

The sagacious old man replied:

"Do not be discouraged, preach the Gospel. They probably know very little of that."

THEY CAN DO IT.

An aged Scotch minister, about to marry for the fourth time, was explaining his reason to an elder. "You see, I am an old man now, and I canna expect to be here verra lang. When the end comes I wad like to have some one to close my eyes." The elder nodded, and said, "Aweel, meenister, I have had twa wives, and baith of them opened mine!"

A GREAT RELIEF.

A clergyman who was a widower had three grown-up daughters. Having occasion to go away on a visit for a few weeks, he wrote home from time to time. In one of his letters he informed them that he had "married a strapping widow with six children."

You may imagine what a stir this created in the household. When the vicar returned home one of his daughters, her eyes red with weeping, said:

"Where's the widow you married, father?"

"Oh, I married her to another man."

LESSONS ASSIGNED.

The Professor of Systematic Theology at — Seminary, being indisposed, was not to be with his classes. A notice to that effect was given to the men after the morning "chapel." Whether the professor who gave the notice belonged to the "Newer School," or merely to the orthodox school of the Sydney Smith type, is not known. His words were these: "The Professor, being ill, requests me to say that the Seniors can keep on through purgatory, and the Middle Class continue the descent into hell, until further notice" from the Professor."

MAN AND BEAST.

A minister lately returned from a long holiday trip on which he had been accompanied by his wife. At a prayer meeting shortly afterwards an elder offered up thanks for the minister's safe return, but unfortunately put his foot in it. "O, Lord," he said, "we thank thee for bringing our pastor safe home, and his dear wife, too, O, Lord, for thous preservest man and beast."

HOMILETIC DEPARTMENT

G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D., Editor

BEST OF RECENT SERMONS

By REV. R. A. TORREY, D. D., REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D., JOHN WILLIS BAER, LL. D.

Springtime—Good Seed to Sow

"The seed is the word of God." Luke 8:21.

It is the time of seed sowing. Many minds are turned toward thoughts of the soil, the seed, the result of sowing, in gardens, flower-beds and farms. The season brings its spiritual lessons. Christ used the sower going forth to sow to teach his hearers. Let us take one little suggestion he made at the time as teaching us a lesson. "The seed is the Word of God." Let us think about sowing this seed.

I. It is good seed to sow in your family. And he is a wise man who daily gathers his loved ones about the home altar and sows this precious seed in the family. It will bring untold blessings, both spiritual and temporal, to himself and to his dear ones. The harvest will be rich.

II. It is good seed to sow in your community. And it is a happy community where the Word of God is faithfully studied and preached and taught. Life is safe in that community. Property is more valuable. Business is more profitable. Schools are better. Children are more intelligent; and homes and hearts are happier in that community. The harvest is very rich. It costs less and pays better than constables, police officers, and jails, and the fruit is infinitely better.

III. It is good seed to sow in the nation. And "happy is the nation whose God is the Lord," where God's Word is believed and taught and lived. It is the only sure cure for anarchy, and socialism, communism and crime. Better than standing armies; better than musketry and powder; better than courts and prisons is the harvest that comes from sowing this seed. It is making the tree good in order to have the fruit good. It is cleansing the fountain to make the stream pure. It is the ounce of prevention worth the pound of cure. It is that wisest of strategy by pre-occupation—possessing the ground with good, and so keeping out the evil. The harvest is rich and abundant.

IV. This seed has life in itself. You only need to scatter it, and it will grow. "There shall be an handful of corn in the earth, upon the tops of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." This is the seed which, if sown, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose." Its blossom is beautiful, like the lily of the valley or the rose of Sharon; its fruit is satisfying, like manna from heaven or the "Bread of life."

V. The harvest is not only rich but sure. Do you want good, reliable seed to sow? Then here it is—the Word of God. "The Word of the Lord is tried," and stands the test of both reason and experiment. If you would have real, reliable, well-tested seed, then that seed is this "Word of God." For seed and sowing, for flowering and fruitage, in it none have ever been disappointed nor ever shall be.—H.

The Music of Brooks

The birds and the brooks are the singers in God's out-door temple. Other things praise God in other ways—the flowers by their beauty and fragrance, the trees by their strength and shelter, the showers by their refreshing and fructifying power, the winds by their purifying and seed-scattering ministries. But the birds and the brooks are God's singers. This is their special service and delight.

The birds and their music have had many loving and sympathetic interpreters. But it is of the more neglected music of the brooks that I would ask leave to speak a few words here.

When I go out into the woods in spring or early summer, one of the first sounds I hear is the dashing or tinkling of some happy brook; and it always seems to me as if there were real musical tones, and a song with living sweetness and meaning in the sound. To many people, I know, brook-music seems like an unintelligible, confused babble and murmur, without the character and distinctness of the songs of birds. But I doubt if such people have ever listened very long and intently to the music of a brook. It is, in a certain sense, a more classic music than that of birds—less distinctly phrased, and harder to interpret, but of deep and significant meaning. Let us sit down here on the bank, and listen for a few minutes to the music of this small brook that chatters over the stones.

I. Observe, first, how it does repeat with delicate and subtle variations, a certain musical phrase—what you might call a motive or refrain. This phrase is sometimes prolonged for a minute or two, but it finally completes itself, and, if you listen closely, you will hear it beginning over again, and running its course with other variations than before.

Now, to prove the correctness of my theory, take two or three large stones, and drop them into the water where it babbles loudest—upon the sounding board of the brook, as it were. Sit down and listen again. You will notice that you have changed the music of the brook, that it is singing a new phrase, somewhat uncertainly at first, but gradually becoming definite and fixed, as the stones settle in place, and the water catches the keynote of the new obstruction. How often I have tried this experiment, for the sake of seeing how many different songs there are in the heart of a brook! It reminds me of the changed music of a life—a life that meets new obstructions, new frettings, new trials, only to make a new song out of them.

II. But the tinkling brook has not only a rhythm, a metrical phrase, but a melody, due to variations of pitch. The notes run into each other more confusingly than in the clearly defined songs of birds; they have more of the sliding-scale quality. But there is actual melody in the music of the brook. It is a light-hearted, careless, somewhat indefinite song, like the extemporizing of a boy who whistles

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with an overflowing heart, too riotously happy to be tied down to any conventional music, be it hymn or jig. But it is a song; it has rhythm and changing pitch, and runs its own liquid scale with sweet effect.

You will find a good many different phrases in this music of water babbling over stones as you go up or down the brook, but it is all the same song—a song of the most distinct happiness and gratitude and light-heartedness, a real child-song, like the sweet treble humming of a care-free boy or girl. I think the Master of the temple must love to hear this child-choir music. It must be as dear to him as the happy voices of our children to us.

III. But come now and listen to the music of another brook, a larger brook, that goes foaming down steep rocky stairways, in mighty columns and rounding cataracts of water. Its grand voice can be heard far through the woods, like the roaring of a great wind.

If the brook that tinkles over pebbles is the treble among God's singers, this roaring torrent is the bass. Or, if the former seems like a delicate-stringed instrument, this is the mighty organ. It is the grandest voice in nature's woodland worship, that which gives it dignity and solemnity.

We shall find that we get different impressions from this brook music as we listen to it attentively. It is a magnificent rushing or pouring together of many sounds and meanings. The song of the smaller brook was a melody; this song is crowded harmony, in which the tones are so many, and so powerful, and so undistinguishable, as to produce the effect, almost, of discord. It is like the tremendous blare of a church organ when all the stops are out, and all the banks locked together, and the great sub-bass pipes opened wide. All these tones of the organ are in perfect harmony, but the blending of their highest volumes almost confuses and bewilders the ear.

Sit here on this bench of rock, and listen to the multitudinous voice of the mountain brook, as it thunders from shelf to shelf. At times we seem to hear the shouting of a great company of men—deep, strong voices, like those of a crowd cheering or applauding. Then we hear children calling to one another, and almost expect to see a merry group of them climbing up the ravine. Again, there will be a sound of wailing and sobbing in the rush of the stream. But, most of all, there comes to our ears the sound as of a lofty, triumphant chant, like a *gloria in excelsis* pealing through cathedral windows.

This is the most impressive music of God's outer temple—this grand unison of the great choir and the great organ. As often as I hear it I feel anew that nature is no less worshipful than man; that there is a strong religious element in the world of things, not dependent upon man's perception and interpretation of it, but vital, independent, and self-sustaining. Nature is not only the temple of the divine, but her own conscious spirit worships therein, and joins with the spirit of man in uplifting the voice of praise and thanksgiving to the Father of all.—James Buckman.

✓ How Shall We Escape?

BY REV. R. A. TORREY, D. D.

Text: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Heb. 2:3.

That question ought to startle every man or woman who is neglecting the salvation that God offers to everybody in, his Son.

A man on the deck of a sinking steamer cannot afford to neglect the last life boat as it puts out. A man in a burning building cannot afford to neglect the fire escape that affords the only means of egress from that burning building. A man that is dying cannot afford to neglect the only remedy that will save his life. But far better can a man who is in any of these perilous conditions afford to neglect the means of safety than can any man or woman in this building who is out of Christ afford to neglect that greater and only salvation that is offered to us in Jesus Christ.

I. How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation? Are you neglecting it? Some of you will say, "I am not a very bad man or woman, I am not a liar, I am not a thief, not a murderer, not a gambler, nor a drunkard; I am not a cheat, I am not a very wicked man or woman."

You are. You are desperate rebels against God and righteousness if you continue to neglect and despise the salvation that the Son of God proclaims, the salvation that he died to purchase for us. You are guilty of an appalling guilt. The guilt of every man and woman in this building tonight who is neglecting the salvation provided by Christ is appalling. You are rejecting God, rejecting his offer, trampling under foot the precious blood of his Son.

In order to be lost it is not even necessary that you positively refuse to accept his salvation. All that is necessary to be lost and to bring upon your head the awful displeasure of God for your contemptuous treatment of what his grace has provided, is simply to neglect. Here a man lies dying; very near to him is death; a few moments more and he will die. Standing upon the table close by his bed is a goblet in which is a remedy, and if he takes that it will save his life. He has enough strength left to put his hand out and take the remedy and his life is saved. What is necessary for him to do in order to be lost? All that is necessary is for him to refuse to put out his hand to take the remedy.

Men and women out of Christ, every one of you is dying an eternal death. You are within easy reach of the medicine, which taken will save you eternally. All that is necessary for you to do, you can do at this moment, put out your hand and take the medicine—take Jesus. What is necessary for you to do to perish? You need not be a profane swearer, an ardent blasphemer. You need not insult the Bible, or churches, or preachers. Simply refuse to stretch out your dying hand—if you simply neglect, you die eternally.

II. There are more people lost in the Christian world through neglect than in any other way. Of all the people lying in the cemeteries in Christless graves, the majority went

there through simple neglect. They were not outcasts; they were not immoral people; they were not blasphemers; and not opponents of the Gospel. They lie there in Christless graves, without hope, merely through neglect. There was a night in their lives when they were just as near the kingdom as you are tonight; when they were just putting out their hands to take Christ and tonight would have been in glory. What did they do? They did not say anything unkind to anyone that invited them to Christ; they didn't profane the name of God; they didn't ridicule the Bible; they didn't plunge into iniquity; they simply neglected.

Men and women in their childhood neglect; young men in their young manhood neglect; they go through middle life neglecting; they go through old age neglecting; they drift into hell neglecting. Simple neglect will damn more people tonight than any other cause.

Here is a man on the Niagara River in a boat drifting along; in front of him are a pair of oars; he has good, muscular arms; he is far above the cataract, away up near Buffalo. The current is slow and gentle, and if he will take up those oars and pull to the shore, he can do it easily, or he can pull against the current, but there he sits, and the boat drifts on, and on, and on, and the current is getting faster, and faster, and faster, and now he is just above the rapids. The current is so strong that if he should now take up those oars to pull against the current with all his might he could not stem the tide.

There are two men on the bank who see his peril; they run alongside—and this has often been done—and throw out a rope. It falls right at the man's feet. There is a strong rope and there on the shore are two men, and if he will only take hold of the rope they will pull him to shore, as has been done more than once. What is all that man has to do to be saved? Simply immediately take hold of the rope and the men on the shore will pull him to safety. What has he to be lost? He doesn't have to take hold of the oars and pull against the current; he does not need to fling himself into the river; he does not need even to positively refuse to take the rope; if he will only sit still for about five seconds the current will carry him on and on, and on over the cataract.

Men and women out of Christ, all of you are in that boat. You are in the current—that awful current—sweeping hellward; you are in the current of sin. There is no man or woman here tonight who is strong enough to take the oars of your own resolution and pull with your might against that current. Yonder in glory the eternal God of love has seen your peril, he is throwing out a rope that falls at your feet—Christ. What is all you have to do to be saved? Lay hold of the rope; take Christ tonight and God on yonder shores of glory will draw you home to himself. What is all you need to be lost? You need not take the oars and pull with the current for the cataract; you don't need even to refuse to take Christ—all you need to do is do nothing—neglect. That awful current of sin will sweep you on, and on, and on over the cataract to eternal darkness.

III. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" How shall we escape the torments of our own conscience? How shall we escape the power of our own sin; how shall we escape the contempt of our own judgment and that of all just, thinking people? How shall we escape the awful displeasure of that God whose love we despise and whose salvation we refuse to take? "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" I can answer it in a word. No how. Neglect, and there is no salvation; neglect and you perish; neglect and you are lost.

Men and women out of Christ, you are in a doomed building; there is a way of escape and one only—Christ. It is open now. Not a person in this room can tell how soon it will be closed. A woman who was here last night or the night before well and strong died in nineteen minutes from the time she left the building. God is speaking to the people. The way is still open—how long? Don't wait until it is too late.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Men and women, stop your neglect. Do something. Do the right thing and do it now. Accept Christ at this moment. If God ever spoke to a company of men and women God is speaking to you tonight. If you go out without accepting Christ tonight, you go out deliberately despising the Son of God and the salvation that he purchased with his blood. How shall we escape, if after tonight we neglect so great salvation? Accept Christ now.—*R. A. Torrey.*

The Conflict of the Ages

BY REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D., CHICAGO, ILL.

Text: "Howbeit, many of them which heard the word believed." Acts 4:4.

From the time that Adam and Eve refused to believe God when he said, "Thou shalt surely die," there has raged a conflict between Faith and Unbelief. In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews we read the muster-roll of Faith, and, if it were written, we might have a roll, though not so illustrious, from Cain to Judas—the muster roll of Unbelief. Nations have fought for a decade, two decades and five decades, but at length the war came to an end. This war, however, has no truce; it has followed the light of the sun and the shadow of the earth around the globe every day; and we have in text and context the love of Christ leading the forces of faith against the forces of unbelief. "There are many who believe, howbeit,"—and in that word "howbeit" we have the powers of unbelief. There were some who did not believe, who opposed, but in spite of their opposition faith was victorious. These forces of unbelief, over against the forces of faith, we wish to consider.

I. First, there was among unbelievers a unity of purpose. The Pharisees and Sadducees differed from each other. The Pharisees were great believers in spirit; the Sadducees were infidels, they did not believe even in a spiritual God; and yet there was a common base on which both could unite. The discord of unbelief was their only concord. They

stood as one man against the new heresy. I spoke by invitation some time ago to the Philosophical Society of Brooklyn, the infidel organization of that city. There were present about seven hundred people—agnostics, Christian Scientists, liberals, Jews—every phase of unbelief. They differed from me and differed from each other, but were united in opposition to Christ and the Bible. They were organized on the basis of opposition to faith.

II. In the second place, on the side of unbelief there was great learning. Ignorance is not the mother of faith. That adage was born in an age of ignorance, and it ought to have staid where it was born. The more a man really knows the more he can believe. Many of the profoundest scholars are the profoundest believers. There is nothing in astronomy to keep a man from believing in the Star of Bethlehem. Kepler, when he discovered his great law, fell on his knees and said, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." There was nothing in statesmanship to prevent Gladstone from being a simple, childlike believer. No unbeliever can be a poet. Someone said of George Eliot that "She wrote good novels, but not good poetry." Of course not. In order to write poetry one must believe in God, in spirit, in the unseen and the eternal rather than in the seen and temporal.

And yet the learning of that day was against the infant church. The wise men who brought their gifts to Christ had departed. The artistic Greeks had not yet been drawn from their groves and academies to the magnetic Christ. The law-loving Romans would not accept any law-giver as greater than Pompilius and no king superior to Caesar. The learning of the age was against Christ. Hillel and Shammai, the leaders of thought in the Jewish schools, were at war with each other, but at peace against Christ. They stood together in the power of their traditions against these unlearned men. It is true that Christianity has captured much of our literature and many of our schools, but the fact remains that in the beginning the learning of the day was against Christ and his church.

III. In the third place, society was arrayed on the side of unbelief. The high priest and all his kindred, the four hundred of Jerusalem, were against Christ and his church. Lady Huntington thanked God for one letter in the Bible, for if it had said, "Not any noble," she and her compeers had been cast out, but when it said, "Not many noble," she came in with the others. Kings and queens have brought their treasures into the house of God, but it still remains true that the people of every age who spend their time in the pursuit of pleasure and abandon themselves to self-indulgences are on the side of unbelief. In the very nature of things they are against the self-denial taught by Jesus Christ.

IV. A fourth force was prejudice. Those men had prejudged. They did not ask, "What shall we do with Jesus," but "What shall we do with the men who preach Jesus?" And prejudice, you know, is blind and deaf; it has no eyes, no ears—only fists; it refuses to in-

vestigate; the more light you give it the blinder it gets.

V. A fifth source was self-interest. Accepting Christ meant cessation of membership in the Jewish Sanhedrim. The temporal interests of the Pharisees and Sadducees were on the side of opposition to Christ. The spirit of the proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" was as prevalent then as now, and they held firmly to their little bird in the hand, though there was a prospect of many in the bush. They feared that in the attempt to get something better than they had they would lose all. They were mistaken. If they had left all and followed Christ they would have been rich indeed. To have sacrificed their best for his best would have been to make them millionaires in the true riches of God.

VI. And, finally, religion, sad to say, was on the side of unbelief. Religion, when not an angel of light, is a very demon of darkness. Religion can make men like whited sepulchers, full of rottenness and dead men's bones. Religious pride is the most arrogant of pride. Religious bigotry is the narrowest of bigotry. Religious hate is the bitterest hate. Religious intolerance is most intolerant.

Note, now, the roll call of unbelief—organization, learning, society, prejudice, self-interest and religion. Against organization stands individualism. Christ makes the individual conscious, magnifies the value of immortal soul, and links love for himself with that of love for neighbor. He would not have the organization destroy the individual. Over against the learning of the schools is the wisdom and revelation of God. Over against the aristocracy of position is the aristocracy of character. Over against prejudice is truth; and in the battle between truth and prejudice, truth sooner or later will be victor. Over against self-interest is self-sacrificing love and self-sacrificing love is more patient and persistent than self-interest. Over against religion degenerate is religion regenerate; over against religion that debases is the religion that exalts, the religion of the heart, the religion of God with its holiness and power.

In a word, over against all the fallacies of the times were the facts of Christianity. Facts are mighty forces; they are the foundation of the church, the Christian Gibraltar against which all waves of opposition dash themselves to pieces. Facts dispel fancies and destroy fallacies. Facts are immortal. You may obscure them but you cannot destroy them.

VII. Our religion, bless God, is a religion of facts.

There was a three-fold fact which the disciples brought against the opposition of unbelief; the fact of Christ in his death, resurrection and exaltation. Death meant atonement; resurrection meant life; exaltation meant power. By atonement sins are put away; by life character is built up; by power all opposition is overcome.

And another fact flows from the translation of this fact into experience. The disciples were not messenger boys carrying facts, any-

body can do that. These disciples were facts on feet, with eyes and hands and hearts; they were the incarnation of the death, resurrection and exaltation of Jesus. In them these facts lived and moved and had their being. "We can but speak the things that we have seen and heard." They were men with a vision of Christ and a revelation of God. They had seen Jesus and heard his voice in the mount. This vision and revelation—a very part of themselves—have been the irresistible facts in the history of Christianity.

Speaking without experience is fuel without fire; it may be brilliant, but it is brilliancy like that of burnished steel. Speaking with experience has the brilliancy of the sun that carries with it light and warmth. It is a stream from the fountain that refreshes those who hear. Speaking without experience is simply dust driven by the wind that blinds and stifles. Are you talking truth without experience? If so, that is the trouble with your class in the Sunday school or your congregations on Sunday. Are we messenger boys bringing the truth, or are we the truth? Jesus Christ did not say, "I have the truth," but "I am the truth;" not, "I have life," but can feel it in his soul and speak Christian can say not simply, "I have truth, I have life," but can feel in his soul and speak it from his heart, God will work through him in mighty power. He can but speak the things which he has seen and heard.

1. Notice again, the result that comes from having Christ in his death, resurrection and exaltation translated into experience. "They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." They were suggestive of Jesus; they spoke the words of Jesus; they manifested the spirit of Jesus, and doubtless from their faces, as from the face of Moses when he had come from the presence of God, there shone the light, patience and sympathy of Jesus.

There are some perfumes we cannot get rid of; if you are in a room they will attach themselves to you and will follow you to the street. There is a perfume that comes from the presence of Christ that spreads fragrance wherever we go.

2. The second fact was courage. These were brave men; they spoke their convictions. In this they were like their Master. These men stood before the Jewish Sanhedrim and said, "You crucified the Lord of Glory," and "There is no other name given among men whereby you can be saved." I am aware that God's mercy is wide "like the wideness of the sea." I am aware also that God's justice is narrow like the narrowness of the ship on the sea, and if you ever pass over the sea of God's mercy into the heaven of everlasting rest you must get aboard the ship of his justice, undergirded by truth.

3. They were brave men to speak truth and endure. You can speak and fight; that is easy. But to speak words that cause your enemies to strike back, and then just endure, that is hard. The 71st regiment of New York was accused of cowardice at San Juan Hill during the Spanish war, but before the court it was proved that the regiment was ordered to stand

in what was called the "Bloody Pass," and the order to advance never came. They stood there and were shot in the back. When they lay down in the grass they found no protection. It took more courage simply to stand and be shot at than to charge. Christ would have us to be true and suffer the consequences. Be true, and, if need be, go to jail. Be true and get lashed for it. Be true and be killed, but never kill in return. Be true and take the result, whatever it may be. Speak the truth and stand.

4. The greatest force on the side of faith was prayer. They quoted Scripture, however, before they prayed. They braced each other up with God's Word.

When they had prayed seven things followed: the place was shaken; they were filled with power; they spoke with boldness; they had unity of heart; they gave of their money; they bore witness, and great grace was upon them all. Every need was supplied. The rich man felt the poor man's burden, and the poor man received the rich man's help. They did not despise money, but rather magnified it as useful to God. There was victory for God and his church.

Some time ago a party of us were climbing Mount Mitchell, one of the highest peaks east of the Rocky Mountains, and saw what one of the party called "the battle of the clouds." It was a scene never to be forgotten. We ascended gradually along the crest of the mountain nearly nine miles. On the east to our left the sun was shining in all its glory, but there had been a conflict of clouds on that side for a while. The wind blew from the east toward the sun. White soldiers of light stood on the crest and met the black soldiers of cloud as they marched to the attack. The conflict raged for half an hour. It was a scene that thrilled. By and by we saw the clouds begin to waver. They parted, opened, fell back, seemed to stagger, while the sunlight followed up the victory, pursuing the clouds as they fled, and vanquished them until every valley was filled with the glory of the sunlight. There is a battle between the white soldiers of faith and the black soldiers of unbelief. What we need is to get on the sunward side. "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." "Walk in the light." "Put on the armor of light," and the God of light will give you the victory.—*A. C. Dixon.*

Soul Saving

BY JOHN WILLIS BAER, LL D., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Text: "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." Ps. 107:2.

Soul saving is a blessed work; at the same time it is desperate work—a matter of life and death. Not long since the "City of New York" became disabled in mid-ocean, and the high seas running destroyed a portion of the bowsprit. The engines were stopped and a volunteer was sent over the ship's side to make repairs. The man kept his balance for a while, when finally a great tidal wave licked him off into the maw of the sea and swept him to some distance from the ship. An officer,

appreciating the situation volunteered to save the man, and with a life line attached to his waist attempted to get away from the ship's side. He was thrown back again and again, badly bruised, but finally, expert swimmer that he was, was able to clear the ship and start on his rescue mission. The man who had been swept overboard was also a strong and powerful swimmer, and the people on deck watched with deep interest the slow approach of the rescuer. They heard him encourage the sailor and keep up courage. The sailor was heard to reply, "But you must hurry." When within ten feet of the man, the lifeline attached to the officer paid out; he could go no farther. The sailor could no longer keep up; strength was gone; throwing up his hands, he was lost to sight forever. The captain of the ship reported on his return, "A man lost at sea." The point of that illustration, borrowed from a recent daily paper, expresses my conception of the urgent need for rescue work among the souls of men. Men are perishing because of the grip sin has upon them. The gospel which we preach is sufficient. What we need is a band of rescuers to carry it to the struggling sinner; and never need we fear that the gospel will fail or be inadequate. There is enough gospel in the world for everyone. What is needed now is someone to carry it to those who are perishing, and for those who are to be rescued to accept it. Those who carry the lifeline and those who are to accept it, must appreciate, however, a man must do his part, and accept the saving power of the gospel; failing to do so he will be lost.

I do not care to spend much time in reminding you of the many mediums for soul saving, excepting to emphasize the fact that the Master blesses many mediums.

While comparatively young in the Christian life and in Christian service, I admit being old-fashioned in both, for I agree with the Psalmist who said, years and years ago, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." Remember that the God has loved the world always; he loved it well enough to give his Son; on that account the world should be reconciled to God. It is love, after all, which reconciles. If the individual members of the church today would catch the spirit of the Psalmist's words which I have quoted, and move out into life with it, there would be an awakening which would be called a "world-wide revival."

I. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so in the church, a most natural place. More and more are the men in the pulpit and the people in the pews catching the inspiration for service that is bound to bear fruit in eternity. The outlook is hopeful; there never was a time when the church was more in earnest, appreciating its powers and privileges, and becoming more and more missionary and evangelistic in purpose. The pulpit messages ring true, as a rule. There has been much good seed-sowing. Therefore ministers are personally following up their preaching by personal appeals. Christian workers are seeking out those who know not Christ and working with individuals. Sunday school teachers are not altogether satisfied with splendid preparation and therefore

interested scholars, but are praying for and speaking to each scholar; striving thereby—by prayer and by speech—to get the scholar to decide to renounce sin and accept Jesus Christ as Saviour.

After speaking to a company of ministers in one of our large cities upon personal work, two of our leading pastors told me of their personal experience in following up their preaching; and difficult as it was for them to speak to individuals, the results had been of such a blessed character that hereafter pastoral calling would be considered the best for personal work for the Master.

H.—Let the redeemed of the Lord say so in the home. There will be hundreds of Christian fathers and mothers who will read that sentence, and my prayer is that it may be a bugle call to service in Christian homes. Stop where you are while I ask a frank question: Secretly you may have prayed for husband, wife, father, mother, son, daughter—but have you face to face, with your heart full of his grace spoken to the one for whom you have prayed? Think of your children, bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. I know mothers and fathers, too, that if it was necessary would be willing to die that their children might live, and yet these same parents' lips are sealed and they are unable to speak to their own children!

I never shall forget the afternoon at Mr. Moody's funeral at Northfield. Mr. W. R. Moody, the elder son, standing amid the bereaved members of the Moody family in the front seat in the church, asked the presiding officer if he might say a word. He told of his father's dealings with him and his brother and sister, suggesting various experiences and the situation was such that our hearts overflowed through our eyes as we caught a glimpse of what the relation of father and child should be. Then, in closing, Mr. W. R. Moody gave utterance to the following testimony (and I say to you, my Christian father and mother, I covet nothing higher for my life than at my own casket-side my own children may be able to say what Mr. Moody's son said that afternoon at the casket-side of his father), "Dwight L. Moody won each of his own children to Jesus Christ." Stop, Christian fathers and mothers, ministers, Sunday school teachers and other Christian workers, and let there troop before your mind's eye your own loved ones; and let me ask you, "What have you done for them, those of your own household?" Hear me when I say again, Let the redeemed of the Lord say so in the home.

III. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so in everyday life, whether it be on the street or in the shop, in the school or in the office. By consistent living let us preach the gospel; by ready hand let us give the invitation; by open heart let us widen our sympathy, and by clear vision let us extend the horizon. Many of our great men whose lives have been lived in the open have been glad to undertake personal work. The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis tells that after a meeting one night in his church, a young student came to him with "intellectual diffi-

culties"—he was not fully persuaded that Jesus Christ was the Saviour. One of the pastor's elders standing by overheard some of the conversation, and as he finally left the meeting, asked for the name and address of the young man. The next night, so the story goes, this church officer climbed the stairway of the boarding house of the young student, and after conversation and prayer was able to dispel all his difficulties, and upon his knees the young man gave his heart to Jesus Christ. The church officer who followed up the seed-sowing of the pastor was none other than Benjamin Harrison, at one time president of the United States.

The best way to learn to do a thing, is to begin to do it. Again, I say, let the redeemed of the Lord say so everywhere.

May the spirit of God burn these truths into your heart and mind! May he give us a passion for souls! May we get a larger conception of the world's needs! May we be loyal to his word! May we extend a helping hand! May our sealed mouths be opened! May our lives consistently reflect as a mirror, Jesus Christ! May the Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost, fall upon us, severing us from everything that keeps us back from engaging in this holy work of saving souls.—*J. W. Baer.*

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY.

Devotional address by N. D. Hillis reported in The Chautauqua Daily.

The great American institutions are four: the Family, the School, the Church, and the Sunday. These are the four pillars of the republic, and the falling of one imperils all. The family is the great American institution feeding the springs of life itself, giving us a happy childhood, an uncontaminated youth, an exalted womanhood, a strong manhood. The school keeps the state in knowledge and makes the citizen wise in the exercise of all his rights and privileges. It is the function of the church and the moral teacher to point out the paths of eternal right and eternal wrong. To these three institutions must be added the American Sunday.

For the people of the republic, the Sunday is an institution as truly as the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. It is given to only a handful of the nation's youth to go to the college or university. It is given to 80,000,000 to make one day out of seven a college day, a library day, for the culture of reason and conscience and the sense of duty. De Toqueville tells us that despotism may survive the loss of faith in the individual citizen, but the republic cannot. Daniel Webster loved democracy not less than the great French author, but Webster goes farther. He tells us that the republic will not survive the loss of the American Sunday one century.

What did De Toqueville and Webster mean by the Sunday? Both men stood for liberty and toleration in the religious life. Both stood for patriotism and love of country, but both insisted that each individual was the architect of his own destiny. Daniel Webster never tired of saying that the four institutions of the republic aimed at the production of a high form of individual excellence. He knew that back of the Decalogue stood a great jurist; back of the engine stood a great inventor; back of the marble stands a great sculptor; and he felt that if our republic was to have a high order of art or science, or literature, or law, it must begin by producing a high order of manhood. Hence his emphasis of the place of Sunday in American society. He believed in worship and in a regular and systematic cultivation of the religious nature. When the clock struck 11, he started to church Sunday morning. He held all the hours of the day sacred to the culture of the higher manhood. Unfortunately, he has not given us a detailed statement of his views on

the uses of the other hours of the Sunday. But he seems to mean that the afternoon is sacred to the great books on liberty and patriotism and eloquence, sacred to the arts, to science, to the great poems and dramas, to the biography of apostle and prophet and martyr. The Sunday was not to be interpreted from the view-point of old Judaism, or the medieval and barbarous theology. It was made as the college and library day for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

SUNDAY EFFETE FOR MANY.

But for many men who are leaders in various realms, who are leaders in the realms of finance and society, Sunday has become an effete institution. They give their Sundays to automobiling, riding, golfing, dinners, social pleasures. The people of the factory districts, and of the crowded centers of the city, see these men of distinguished position doing everything on Sunday to show that the day as a religious institution has gone. Witness the vast multitudes who never cross the threshold of any church, Catholic or Protestant. Slowly the Sunday is becoming secularized, and this, too, at a time when it was never so much needed. For Gladstone, there was never a Sunday when he did not go to church for the Sunday morning service. Several times prime minister, he said that no event had ever occurred of sufficient importance to keep him away from the house of God. Gladstone and Webster meant that Sunday was a physical and mental and moral necessity. Both believed that for one day the whirl must cease, and men must unbuckle their harness and rest; that the merchant needs it for expelling the fever from his brain; the manufacturer needs it to restore tranquility to his mind; the workman, leaving before his babes waken, and returning after they are asleep, needs it for becoming acquainted with his wife and little ones. For all men, but for Sunday, life's yoke would be too heavy. Blessed be God, the working classes are not scourged forward in unceasing toil. The Sunday is the day for reviewing the golden memories of life's yesterdays; a day of noble discontent; a day for the fireside joys, for refinement, for aspiring love, and worship..

WEBSTER'S COGENT ARGUMENT.

In his argument Daniel Webster insists that as we go back through history the life-giving waters of genius and civilization have never sprung up save in the track of the ministry, and as the result of Christianity. Paraphrased, he argues that when a man ceases to kneel and say his prayers he soon ceases to bow the intellect before God; and that if he ceases to worship God in the church he will soon refuse to worship Him under the open sky, in the park, or beside the stream. By neglect, men lose their love of books or music; by neglect, the spiritual faculty atrophies. The religious sentiment can be starved to death. When Robert Collyer began his work in New York, he took for his theme the text, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." He announced that that was the last parting charge that he left to his people in Chicago. A wise and gracious friend there remarked after church: "I wish you had preached that sermon twenty years ago instead of the one I remember you did preach, in which you told us that we might worship God better perhaps in the woods or meadows, or in our own homes, sometimes, than in the sanctuary." "But," added Robert Collyer, "I had no idea how easy it was for the men and women of our free thought and free ways to drift from the service of the sanctuary."

THE MAN WHO IGNORES SUNDAY.

If, then, the Sunday is an American institution; if the man who helps to break it down is an enemy of the republic; if in the judgment of our greatest thinkers it is essential to the higher manhood, what about mere men who are converting the Sunday into terms of pleasure? It must be confessed that many do use it for personal delight. Recently I met one of our leading citizens. He said to me, "While I wish my children to be trained in Christian principles, I myself do not go to church." Questioned how he spent the Sabbath, he said: "I use it to put myself into fine physical form for the week. My competitor is a churchman; always in his pew and with his Bible class. I save my strength and ultimately I will win out against him." Now this good citizen's argument was this: His opponent was giving one-seventh of his nerve-force and brain-power to the church; contrariwise, he gave seven-sevenths to business. He

rides horseback Sunday morning or plays golf; he dines and sleeps Sunday afternoon, while his competitor is teaching a Bible class; reads or meets a few friends Sunday evening, and on Monday morning he feels like a race-horse. His competitor gives one-seventh of his nervous strength to the work of moral instruction and worship and has only six-sevenths of his strength for commerce. This selfish merchant and banker has deserted the church; he asks his competitors to give wisdom to the poor and ignorant and train the foreign population, not knowing when the untrained poor, ignorant of the Ten Commandments, will rise up to burn and pillage and plunder. And over against this selfish rich man, who has deserted the church, stands the selfish demagogue, using the poor for his own advantage. And between the selfishness of the rich and the selfishness of the poor, thirteen or fourteen millions of our children and youth in this republic are coming up as ignorant of the Ten Commandments as the Hottentots in Africa or the savages of the South Sea. Meanwhile the citizen with his pleasure has his present reward—he has his Sunday exercise and pleasure, but he has also the consciousness that he has deserted Christ's church, has refused to march with His army; he has no part or lot with apostle, or martyr, or leader, or great teacher. Indirectly, he feeds on the state, taking much but giving little in return. His grandchildren will discover what De Tocqueville meant—a despotism may survive the loss of Christian character, but not the republic.

SECOND GENERATION MOST HOSTILE.

Strangely enough it is the second generation that has climbed up on the shoulders of the Christian Fathers, that has become the enemy of the Sabbath. Noble men and women of yesterday, who were never away from church morning or evening, have reared sons and daughters who are never in a place of worship, or whose habit it is to go to church only at Easter and at Christmas time. Their fathers did more to strengthen the qualities that make the sons rich than to make them obedient. It is our prosperous man and his family who are breaking down the American Sunday and destroying the one institution that battles against moral illiteracy among the new peoples and the native stock. It is the rich set that is destroying the intellectual and religious uses of Sunday. Their horses on Sunday noon are found in the sheds of the road houses, their automobiles fill the streets with dust on Sunday afternoon, and following their leadership, the working classes are spending their Sunday mornings playing ball in the parks, their afternoons in the beer gardens, and their nights in the music halls.

The question of the hour is, Can we save our Sunday to the republic? Go to France, and one finds the few churches there are empty. The people crowd the theaters, the cafes, the parks, the music halls on Sunday afternoons. The mornings are given to excursions and picnics; the nights to dining and wining. And the result is—France. From the very hour that the French people gave up worship, faith in God, France began to lose her colonies, her commerce, her navies, until at last she stands like a tree whose boughs once spread out over the earth, but that has now lost branch after branch until there is nothing left but the original stalk and trunk, and that worm-eaten and full of decay.

WORKING FOLK SUFFER MOST.

But if it is the prosperous class that is leading the movement to break down the Sunday as an American institution, it is the working people who will suffer most of all. The first labor law ever enacted was the law prohibiting labor on Sunday, enacted by Moses. The unique leadership of the great jurist is seen in the fact that he anticipated all modern scientific discovery. The scientist knows that the body needs one day of rest to recover the physical forces, but Moses discovered that the law of rest and worship is wrought in the nature of things, three thousand years before the scientist arrived. The upper classes once began by breaking the law of rest and worship, but with compunctions of conscience. Now they break the laws of their land without the slightest thought of wrong-doing, and there has been a similar deterioration among the working people. Indeed the time has come when there is little difference between the German Sunday in Dresden and Munich or Berlin, and the Sunday in San Francisco, Chicago, or New York. Going to the occasional church found in Munich, it is all but empty, but by 10 o'clock on Sunday

morning the beer gardens are crowded, the streets filled with gay multitudes. When afternoon comes the fun has grown fast and furious, and the labor bureaus for Germany and France tell that when the long, fevered, tumultuous Sunday in the theater, the music hall, the cafe, the dance room, and the drinking shops has ended, that the working man has suffered such grievous injury as to be all but useless as a toiler on Monday forenoon, and that the output of the factory and shop is very small in the afternoon.

Suddenly one consideration has developed. Business men are beginning to say, "Why close the factories and shops, and stop the ships and trains, that the people may injure themselves physically, and destroy their capacity as a mechanism for work?" Railroad presidents, manufacturers, merchants, inventors, and statesmen, are raising the question whether a Sunday for sports and the theater, music hall, the public dances in the tenement-house region, and the private balls on the avenues, is really worth while. The great men of the past supported the Sunday when it was used for worship, song, home, and fireside affections, and the making of manhood. They will support the Sunday if used perhaps for the library, the lecture, and instruction, but they will not support a Sunday that exists for pleasure and amusement alone. The only bulwark of the American Sunday is the religious Sunday. Take away the moral sanction and the day is gone. If people will not use the Sunday as a moral and religious institution, they will lose the Sunday. The industrial forces will wrest the day of pleasure out of the pleasure-lover's hands.

THE PLEASURE SUNDAY.

The new pleasure Sunday that is cursing Germany is slowly weakening her forces, and when continued, she will lose her leadership, and in a century sink to the level of France. In one of his last addresses, Mr. Gladstone told an audience in Birmingham that this breakdown of the Sabbath in Germany would, after a generation, take Germany out of the list of England's competitors, "unless," added the Prime Minister, "England herself loses the Sunday, and so loses her moral fiber, and with it her physical and industrial vigor." And the biographer tells us Mr. Gladstone then took his seat, but when the cheers had subsided, arose again and exclaimed, "What the young of England need is a post-graduate course in religion." The sentiment was brief, but the message was golden, and every word weighed a ton.

BOBBY AND BETTY.

"Girls don't have to do anything!" declared Bobby, as he sat down with a thump on the shoe-box in grandmother's room. "Girl's don't have to feed hens or fill the wood-box. I wish I was a girl, so I do."

"Girls don't have to do anything!" exclaimed Grandmother Stone, in surprise. "Well, well, well! You come with me a minute, Bobby, and we'll see if you are right."

Bobby followed grandmother into the sitting room. But when they got there both were surprised, for sitting in the big rocker was Beth, her eyes full of tears.

"I wish I was a boy, same as Bobby," she said sorrowfully. "I'm tired as anything dusting rooms. Boys don't have to dust or mend stockings or do anything. Oh, dear, dear, dear!" and Beth hid her curly head in the duster and sobbed.

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed grandmother. "Suppose you do Bobby's work today and he will do yours. I know that he will be delighted to exchange work with you."

But would you believe it? Grandmother was mistaken, for Bobby shook his head.

"I'm going to feed the hens myself," he said decidedly.

Beth wiped her eyes in a hurry. "Girls never fill wood-boxes," she murmured.

Then they both laughed and stopped grumbling for that day.—*Our Sunday Afternoon*,

CHURCH METHODS DEPARTMENT

REV. ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG, Editor.

WANTED—CHURCH METHODS.

Will you help? If so tell us how you win converts, train young Christians, enlist workers, advertise, attract men, interest young people, keep up a good prayer-meeting, maintain the Sunday evening service, build a church, pay off a debt, raise money for current expenses and benevolences. You can say a great deal on a single sheet of writing paper. Try it. Your plan may be the means of helping thousands. Samples of your calendar, sermon topics, church papers and printed matter are always acceptable. Address Rev. A. S. Gregg, Editor Methods Department, P. O. Box 322, Albany, N. Y.

Away With "Candidating"

"Candidating is a disgrace to the house of God," says Dr. C. E. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y. "Who thinks of God when a candidate is preaching? Not the preacher, because he is thinking of the people. Not the people, they are dissecting the preacher. Nothing is so demoralizing to a Christian church as candidating. It converts worship into a farce."

Denominations with an Episcopal form of government are not troubled so much with candidating, although the practice is growing among the Methodists. The Methodists have somewhat departed from their early usage, and it is not unusual for both pastors and churches in that denomination to take each other's measure before trying to do business together. The difficulty with the whole practice of candidating is that it is unfair and one sided. It is unjust. No congregation is competent to determine the call of a pastor on one or two star sermons. Furthermore it is a question whether the congregation as a whole really knows what is best. People are so apt to be swayed by superficialities. On the other hand the candidate ought to have a chance to put the church on trial. There have been cases where debts and a dead membership have been skillfully concealed, and the pastor who accepted the call awakened to a bitter disappointment when it was too late to retreat. The demonstrations with the Congregational form of government are uneasy under the candidating system, and some of the leaders are trying to develop a plan whereby they will enjoy all the independence of congregationalism, without the weaknesses that inhere in too much independence.

The Baptists have a ministerial agency which has been in operation for fifteen years. It is under the supervision of Drs. McArthur, Judson, Campbell, Henson and Tupper, and has its headquarters with the American Baptist Publication society in New York-City. Wm. Hagar is manager. The purpose of the agency is to find churches for pastors and to find pastors for churches. It eliminates candidating. It depends on records. It is a sort of bureau of information. Pastors can find out about churches. Churches can find out about pastors. Introductions are exchanged and pastor and committee must do the rest. Mr. Hagar says: "We have never had occasion to suggest more than three candidates to a pas-

torless church but that one of them has been selected as pastor. Not infrequently the first one after all has been considered. In at least two-thirds of the instances in which we have been requested to assist churches to secure pastors only one candidate has been necessary."

This has been accomplished without candidating.

A Disgusted Committeeman

A member of a pulpit committee who had become disgusted with the attitude of his church in choosing a pastor unburdened his heart to Mr. Hagar in the following letter. We hope it will not discourage any brother minister who may be hunting for a new job:

Your letter received a few days ago. When I replied, I thought I would be able to inform you we had called a pastor. But alas, alas, I cannot do it. We have had a number of candidates and supplies, all good preachers. The Pulpit Committee recently unanimously agreed to recommend to the church a certain candidate. A meeting was appointed to take a vote and the committee naturally expected he would be called. But the people had as many minds, apparently, as there were persons present. Some were for Paul, some for Apollos, and some for Cephas. They refused to vote sufficiently upon any one, and wanted to hear more candidates.

If you can help us out by suggesting a man with the fervor of a St. Paul, the eloquence of a Henry Clay, the love of a St. John, the manners of a Chesterfield, the personal magnetism of a Burr, the beauty of an Apollo, who has the experience of a man of sixty with the youth of a boy of twenty, with the meekness of Moses, with a wife possessing all the virtues that make up Solomon's perfect woman, who will come here for from \$1,500 to \$1,800 a year, I think I might safely present his name to the church, with the expectation, at least, of his winning out by a small majority if he did not read his sermons and part his hair in the middle. In return we could assure him of an average congregation of about half the membership Sunday morning, and if he did not draw on the town, about one-half that number at night, provided he visited all the families at least twice a year, and knew by intuition when they were sick without being informed. This is about the way I feel about the business, and tried at the meeting to get off the Pulpit Committee without avail. I protested most emphatically against spending the time now when there is every indication of an outpouring of the Spirit, in sitting in judgment upon men whom God sent to us with a message. However, I suppose we will get a pastor in the future, although after a year of effort the promise is not alluring. Send the names of the young men you allude to, perhaps they may be just what we want. Our people generally seem to think that they prefer veal

as Dr. Jones puts it, and if it is not too young may do us good. Of course, having had an experience with our late pastor, it is hard to get our people to understand that he was one of ten thousand. Thanking you for your interest and any suggestions you may make.

Making a Good "Record"

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," is as true in ministerial service as it is in any other calling. If a man fails he will usually find that the fault is within himself. Laziness, with its inevitable sequence of indifferent pulpit preparation and lack of pastoral work, has kept not a few men from realizing their highest possibilities. Industry is more than method. Some men succeed by "main strength and awkwardness" rather than by carefully worked out plans. How often it is that some man, who is mechanically exact and methodical in everything he does is outdistanced by some man who is careless of method, but has boundless energy and goes blundering ahead, making mistakes, confessing his faults, acknowledging his errors but never stopping. Such a man does not succeed because of his blunders, but in spite of them. The best of church methods will not make a church "go"—except down hill—unless they are pushed well from behind. So it is with the development of the pastor himself. He may be three-quarters genius but if he is not industrious he will not accomplish a great deal. These observations are offered so we will not forget that the man behind a plan is more than the plan itself.

But what the writer really has in mind is to give some instances of capability and success which show that the conditions of success often lie far outside of one's immediate environment. In place of saying that a man reaps what he sows it may be truer to say that often one man sows where another planted, and another watered. The pastor "makes his record" by being faithful to his opportunities and responsibilities. There was once a pastor who felt downcast because he could never get a harvest, although he tried very hard. Finally he decided that he was to be a sower and that others should reap. He went about his task cheerfully, pulling up snags, plowing the ground and putting in good seed. While thus engaged he was overwhelmed one day to discover that part of his crop was ready to harvest and he had a great ingathering. Often the Catholic priests shame us by their willingness to do this kind of work without thought of immediate results or credit, and we wonder why they have such a hold on their people. Laying aside the power of the confessional and other superstitions of that church, we can well learn from the priests in the matter of self-effacement and willingness to labor without recognition and to wait years for results. And yet they are making records. It is suggested that we ought to have some other tests of ministerial efficiency than numbers and the amount of money raised for benevolences. If there was some way of measuring character building we might

find a new standard. But character is intangible and the "crowd" does not yet appreciate such a standard. The "crowd" judges too much by the senses. It is a pity that the pastor is so much at the mercy of the whims of the crowd, and yet it cannot be otherwise because it is the crowd he hopes to win.

The "carrying power" of one pastorate over into another sometimes accounts for the success of the new man. A striking instance of this kind came to the attention of the writer in a western city. A minister had been expelled from the church and ministry for immoral conduct. His successor was successful in paying off several mortgages, and improving the church. His chief strength was that his wife was a sister of a minister who had been very popular because of his industry as a pastor. The power of sentiment in such a case can be seen by merely saying that the new man would have been a failure if his wife had been a sister of the man who had been expelled. In all probability the pastor who had been so diligent in visiting his people never dreamed that the time would come when his "record" would save the church and insure the success of another pastor in a critical hour.

Age by no means marks the "dead line." One of the most successful pastors in Central New York is sixty-five years "young." He is the father of seven children and ten grandchildren. His congregations are always large and he is not in much danger of being reduced in his "grade" for some time. The secret? He buys fresh books and reads them. Always reading, and then giving the people fresh sermons. New books arrive every month, six or eight at a time. Asked what he did with them after he had read them he replied, "I have a son and a son-in-law in the ministry and they soon get away with my books." This hale and hearty brother insists that he is not dead yet even if he is sixty-five. He puts "rousements" into his preaching and the people like his kind of rousements. All the methods and machinery going will not get people into a church and keep them there unless they enjoy the preaching.

A pastor in a New England city enjoyed popularity for three years, and his success was the wonder of his brother ministers. The church was large, but it was an industrious church. There were a number of lay readers who relieved the pastor of many hard duties. He had an assistant who looked after the Sunday school. About all he had to do was to prepare his sermons and make calls. It seemed to be a case of easy church management largely from the pulpit. But back of it all were the labors of another man. That man had been pastor for several years. "This one thing I do" was his motto, and he literally lived out that text in pastoral work, and in developing a church organization. His work was the "carrying power" in succeeding pastorate. The man who thus labored is now pastor of a Boston church where he is again doing the same kind of work. He may never know this side of judgment day just how much his faithfulness meant to the former parish, but the record is there and it will stand.

Enterprising Pastors

A writer in the New York *Sun* gives some interesting facts about church activities and methods throughout the United States:

The pastor of a church at Cripple Creek, Col., has introduced the free lunch feature in connection with his church work. He announced in the papers that all who attended his service would afterward be provided with free food in the Sunday school room.

For the sake of novelty a New York preacher employed a whistler and later a vaudeville artist to enliven the services at his church. Not long ago the writer had occasion to make an extensive trip over the United States, and in eleven different cities pastors of various denominations went to the trouble to copy his name from the hotel register and send invitations to attend their meetings.

In many cities church advertisements now appear in the street cars and other public places. The conviction seems to be growing that it pays to advertise religion as well as anything else.

A Chicago minister hit upon a plan to encourage housewives and young mothers to come to the Sunday morning service at his church. He established a creche, or day nursery, in an adjoining building, where he installed a corps of nurses under the charge of a competent matron.

Mothers of babies and young children are now invited to bring the little people along and check them free of charge in the creche, while they attend church next door. Their minds can thus be free from worry in the thought that their children are near and are being well cared for.

The man who objects to foreign missions and thinks that nothing is being done to spread the Gospel at home will be surprised to know that a great organization is at work establishing churches and Sunday schools in the out of the way places of this country. There are missionaries of the various denominations still traveling much after the fashion of old time circuit riders, or with mule teams hitched to gospel wagons.

There are also a number of chapel cars which the Western railroads haul on their trains free of charge. The car Emmanuel runs on the Pacific Coast, the Goodwill makes one night stands in Texas, the Evangel is in the Indian Territory, the Messenger of Peace in Missouri, while the Glad Tidings and the Herald of Hope come as far east as Wisconsin and Michigan.

Whenever a new region is thrown open for settlement the field workers of the different churches are there with their forces to start an early campaign against the vice that follows in the wake of all such movements. Oklahoma Territory was opened to the public on a Tuesday, and by the following Sunday the Methodist recruiters had organized fifty-four Sunday schools. The saloons opened in tents and so did the churches.

"Pilgrim's Progress" and Other Printing

We are quite favorably impressed with "Pilgrim's Progress," the eight page monthly magazine with a handsome cover, issued by the Pilgrim Congregational Church, of Lansing, Mich. It is commendable as a product of the printer's art, and is creditably edited. The point noted in the editorial work is that the magazine is filled with news of the church departments in place of essays and editorials. A church bulletin should contain news and a forecast of coming events in order to make it worth while. Rev. W. A. Minty is the editor of this publication and minister of the church.

Montgomery Baptist Church, Colmar, Pa., Rev. William Conner, pastor, issues a neat monthly calendar printed on one side of the slip. It gives an outlook of church events for a month, with sermon subjects, prayer meetings, Sunday school topics and business meetings. Where a weekly calendar cannot be afforded this plan serves very well for the regular announcements.

Rev. Jos. A. Serena, pastor of the Central Church of Christ, of Syracuse, N. Y., recently issued a well worded calendar advertising evangelistic services at the Alhambra theater. The Netz sisters quartet was the chief attraction. On the blotter the picture of the pastor was placed at one end and the portraits of the singers in scroll work at the other end. The wording in the middle could be used anywhere. It read:

Blot Out Everything

For the Meetings Now Being Held at

CENTRAL CHURCH OF CHRIST

323 EAST ONONDAGA STREET

The Netz Sisters Quartette Will Sing Twice at Each Service Every Night Until February 24th

THE LAST TWO SERVICES WILL BE HELD IN THE ALHAMBRA, SUNDAY, FEB. 24

at 3:30 P. M. (Men Only) and 7:30 P. M. (Everybody)

Come, Bring Your Friends

"Faces" and "The Wreckage of Youth"

Special sermons of deep suggestiveness were delivered during February by Rev. W. A. McLaughlin, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Franklinville, N. Y. One series was given in the morning and the other at night. The morning sermons were entitled "Faces"

and the evening sermons "The Wreckage of Youth."

"Faces"

- JAN. 27—"The Face of a Man."
 FEB. 3—"The Face of a Lion."
 10—"The Face of an Ox."
 17—"The Face of an Eagle."
 24—"The Face of Christ."

The Wreckage of Youth

Sunday Evening, January 27th, '07

Subject: "Setting Sail" or "Toilers of the Sea."

Sunday Evening, February 3rd, '07

Subject: "Tempest Tossed" or "By Order of the King."

Sunday Evening, February 10th, '07

Subject: "Shipwrecked" or "Marooned."

Sunday Evening, February 17th, '07

Subject: "The Last Voyage" or "Pirate or Pilot, Which?"

A reading was given at each evening service.

High grade printing was used in the advertising. The special announcement consisted of four pages with a stiff cover, tinted, and printed in the very best of style. Besides the announcements there were window hangers or posters over two feet long and a foot wide. The hanger is somewhat unique in church advertising and for that reason we reproduce it in fac simile. It was certainly a promising series of subjects and was well advertised.

Men's Clubs in Utica

Plymouth Congregational Church, Utica, N. Y., has organized a Men's club which has "no obligations" and "no dues." It is for purely "get together" purposes, and the pastor of the church, Rev. A. V. Bliss, feels that it will be more successful as a purely social organization than if an attempt was made to use it for evangelistic and other purposes. The club gives a banquet at intervals for which each member pays 35 cents and that is all the expense. Addresses, songs, and readings and a social good time follow the supper. The application blank is the perfection of simplicity.

APPLICATION BLANK

Please enroll my name as a member of the

PLYMOUTH MEN'S CLUB

of the

PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
 of Utica, N. Y.

Name _____

Address _____

Small sketches are like the story written over the rocks. If they prevail they lead us long from freedom on the sea shore. -1877
 The wreck of youth is the story of the old. -1877
 The old is the story of the new. -1877

THE WRECKAGE OF YOUTH

"A Wreck on Shore is a Beacon at Sea."



A Series of Four Sunday Eve'g Discourses
 AT THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
 FRANKLINVILLE, N. Y.

Commencing Sunday Evening, January 27th.

By the Rev. W. A. Laughlin, Pastor.

Hear This Series.

Every Father and Mother Invited.

All Young People Invited.

THE LOG	JAN. 27. "SETTING SAIL" OR "TOILERS OF THE SEA."	THE LOG
	FEB. 10. "TEMPEST TOSSED" OR "BY ORDER OF THE KING."	
	FEB. 17. "SHIPWRECKED" OR "MAROONED."	
	FEB. 24. "THE LAST VOYAGE" OR "PIRATE OR PILOT, WHICH?"	

SERVICE AT 7 P. M.

A Fine Musical Program each Service.

An Appropriate Reading every Evening.

Courteous Ushers. Everybody Welcome

AT

"THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH"—"ON THE CORNER."

A Big Service each Evening.

SERMON TOPICS

Pilgrim Congregational Church

Tansing, Mich.

EVENING SERMONS ON

"The Modern Man"

HIS STRENGTH—HIS WEAKNESS

Some Plain Truths Plainly Told, about

Nov. 12—The Man and Business

Nov. 19—The Man and Society

Nov. 26—The Man and Politics

Dec. 3—The Man and His Friends

Dec. 10—The Man and His Home

Dec. 17—The Man and His God

BY THE PASTOR, REV. W. A. MINTY

YOU ARE INVITED

"The People's Home," Corner Pennsylvania
 Avenue and Eureka Street

Our Motto—"Here Let No Man Be Stranger"

Prayer Meeting Topics

I.

Psalm 8.

What is man? asked the psalmist, and his question has been repeated by every thoughtful, earnest soul since. Human science and philosophy by description and dissection have told us much about man, and have associated him, by reason of similarity of structure and system, with the beasts of the field; but David gives a better answer, lifts man to higher point of view, and associates him with God. "Thou hast made him!" That means more when applied to man than when it is applied to the rest of creation, for "in the image of God created he him," and "He breathed in his nostrils the breath of life." The form and essence of man's soul is Godlike. What is that you are saying in disparagement of man? God is not ashamed of his workmanship. He has stamped upon man his super-scription.

Still further David answers his own question, "Thou crownest him with glory and honor." As the reverent artist hangs the halo above the blessed Master's head, so God places a crown of possible honor and glory above the head of every man. What may not a man become? There is no limit to his possibilities.

Christ gave yet a better answer to the question. It was in concrete form. Go back nineteen hundred years to Palestine. See there the man approved of God. There were heights and breadths of being in him of which we have but the faintest idea, but whatever else he was, Jesus was God's ideal man.

In the month of June, on inspecting your rose bush, you find a full-blown flower. At once you will scan the bush to see how many buds there are, for that one full-blown rose enhances the value of every bud on the bush. Jesus Christ is the full-blown flower of humanity which gives promise and value to every bud of the race.

It means more to be a man since Jesus lived a man.

A young artist, facing a masterpiece, was at first overcome, and then exclaimed, "I, too, am an artist." It was possible for him to attain unto what others had done. Paul saw a vision. What then? Despair? Not at all. "I press toward the mark." That is the human side of the attainment. There is a divine side which must not be overlooked.

A business concern in a certain town was capable of wonderful success. It made the goods the market demanded. They had a ready sale, and the plant was running day and night. But for some strange reason there was a failure. Why? Bad management.

Man, who is managing your concern, that is, the unfolding and development of your capabilities? The Master can get the most out of you and at last present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.

Being a man is, indeed, a wonderful privilege, but everything depends, after all, on the

"management."—George B. Swinnerton in *The Christian Advocate*.

From *The Religious Telescope*.

II.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

I. Cor. 9: 24.

"Know ye not that they that run in a race run all, but one receiveth a prize? So run that ye may obtain." The Christian life is often illustrated by reference to customs of the Bible times. There were four great series of Grecian games; the chief honor known to the Greek was to achieve a splendid victory in the arena. Let us note some prominent things about these races.

THE REWARD OF NON-COMPETITORS.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him?" Heb. 2: 8.

The rule of the business world is for the reward to go to the man who wins. In the world of sport, the man who has no participation has no compensation. When the great crowds were gathered at the Olympic games, no one even thought of giving a fading crown to the man who did not compete.

In the Christian race there are no benefits accruing to the non-competitor.

No one can receive a reward who deliberately sets his back upon it, and walks or runs in the other direction. In writing to the Hebrews, Paul re-enforces this idea with the Scripture. How shall any man escape who neglects to perform the duties devolving upon a Christian man? No one has any honor who neglects, and he is doomed to poverty of soul; but the man who rejects, willfully and deliberately, the offer of the position in the Christian race will suffer even greater bitterness than the simple neglecter.

FAILING COMPETITORS.

"If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." I Cor. 3: 15.

When the runners were lined up waiting for the signal to start, every man had his eye fixed on the goal. However, only one man could win in such a contest as that.

There are those who fail in the Christian race. The reward here is not for a single man.

Whether a man perseveres in the Christian race until he receives the crown is dependent upon himself. If one loses his courage before the goal-post is turned, and his faith in the final issue wanes, he may cease his effort and conclude to go without a crown. He drops out of competition, and fails in everything connected with the Christian life.

WINNING COMPETITORS.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." II. Tim. 4: 7, 8.

In this Scripture, Paul places himself among

the competitors, and declares that he is going to be one of the winners. He sat in chains with back bent because of the burdens of his ministry, with hair whitened through the weight of sorrow and years, with eyes dimmed on account of age and infirmity. Yet he could say that he had fought a fight for God, and had fought it well; that Jesus Christ, the righteous judge, in contrast with the corrupt judge on the Roman bench, had in reserve for him a crown; not one that would fade and waste away as would the crowns won in Grecian contests, but a crown of eternal righteousness which the Lord himself should place upon the brow of the man that should remain faithful to the end.

CONDITIONS FOR ENTRANCE.

"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." Eph. 2: 19.

There were certain rules with which participants in the games had to comply before they were enrolled for the events. It is so in the Christian race. He must be naturalized by renouncing allegiance to the king of the world, and announcing allegiance to the King of kings. He must be a citizen of the kingdom in order to gain a citizen's reward.

In the games of Europe, every athlete's record was examined, as well as his body, to see whether there was anything blame-worthy touching it or him. If so, he was ruled out of the race. The same blamelessness in the spiritual sense must attach to the Christian runners.

CONDITIONS IN THE RACE.

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." John 10: 9. A runner in any race must start right. In fact, a trainer tells those in his class that more depends upon the start than anything else. So it is with the Christian. He must begin by believing in Jesus Christ as his Saviour, which is the only door to God the Father.

Occasionally a man is passed just before he reaches the wire because he did not maintain his lead of the earthly part of the race. For the Christian, Jesus Christ is not only the door, but he is the entire way.

"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about, with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." Heb. 12: 1.

It was the custom of the runners to weight themselves down with heavy weights for several weeks or months before the race began; then, at the time for starting, they would lay these aside, as well as all cumbersome clothing, and would bound through the air at a rate thought impossible before. The Christian must relieve himself of every sin that besets him; of every entanglement with the world that hinders his running. He must lay aside all these weights and think only of Jesus Christ.

CAUSES OF FAILURE.

Why are there failures? That is a legitimate question. Read Psalm 78: 9, and Acts 7: 39, and see how one can be defeated through turning or backsliding.

Read John 11: 10, and learn again the sorry results of tripping or careless walking.

Turn to Malachi 1: 13, and Isaiah 40: 31, to discover the undesirable end of weariness in the Christian race.

What of my present rate of progress? Does it promise well? If not, should I not become more earnest?

III.

THE ILLUMINATION OF THE SPIRIT

"Behold I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you."—Prov. 1: 23.

The words of a man are no revelation to thee until thou hast received his spirit. It is not the words that speak to thee; it is the common experience between thyself and the speaker. In vain will he talk to thee of sorrow if thou hast not known sorrow; in vain will he discourse to thee of beauty if thou hast not felt beauty. All thy revelations come from the spirit within thee. If thy spirit is not on the same mental height with him who walks by thy side his words will to thee be the accents of a foreign tongue. Even so it is with the words of God. The reading of all the chapters in the Bible will not reveal God to thee until they bear witness with thy spirit. Creation must precede revelation. Before God can speak to thee he must raise thee up to his own level. The divine alone can understand the divine. There are words lying in thy memory which are not yet revealed to thee—holy words, sacred words, words learned at a mother's knee, but whose beauty is by thee as yet unfelt, unseen. When the Spirit comes the old words will come to thee as something new. Thou shalt marvel at what thou hast passed by unnoticed on the way. Thou shalt wonder at the richness of the Lord's Prayer, at the power of the Sermon on the Mount, at the tenderness of the story of a prodigal son. Thou shalt be surprised at the melody of old psalms, thrilled by the novelty of familiar incidents, stirred by the freshness of well-known passages. To him who is a new creature old things are all made new; the mine that was empty to the eye of sense, to the spirit reveals gold.

Thou divine Spirit illuminate to me the words of the Lord! Show me the wealth of glory that lies beneath the old familiar stories. Teach me the depth of meaning that is hid in the songs of Zion. Raise me to the height of aspiration that is compassed by the wings of the prophet. Lift me to the summit of faith that is trod by the feet of the Apostle. "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." The wonders are in thy law already; they do not need to be put there. But until thou comest my eyes are in want of a lens by which to see them. They are like the well of water which Hagar did not behold, like the ram caught in the thicket

which Abraham did not discern, like the cake prepared on the fire which Elijah did not recognize. We need angels to tell us these things though they lie on our daily path. Shine in our hearts, thou better sun, and glorify the ancient message. Light up the old texts, irradiate the time-worn phrases, deepen the by-gone meanings, revise the inadequate readings, reveal the latent applications, unlock the hidden doors. I shall find the treasures in my earthen vessels when thou hast made known the words of the Lord.—*George Matheson in Voices of the Spirit.*

The Disciple in the Daily Life of the World

1. One of Paul's fundamental positions, based upon his own experience, was that in connecting himself with Christ he had passed into a new world. He expressed this thought in strong language. Read Gal. 6: 14; II Cor. 5: 17; Phil. 3: 20; and especially Col. 3: 1-3.

Yet there is an entirely different side to Paul's thought. He is full of human interest. He by no means proposed to have his converts withdraw from active connection with the life of the world; and when he was once misunderstood to have urged this, protested almost impatiently. See I Cor. 5: 9-11. He took great pains to keep his converts from thinking that they were exempt from civil responsibilities. Read Rom. 13: 1-7. What conception of the relation of civil government to God is here expressed?

He expected them to take part in the regular daily work of the world. Read I Thess. 4: 11, 12. What does the first part of v. 12 mean? That is, How was the failure to work likely to result in dishonest dealing with non-Christians? Cf. also II Thess. 3: 10; Rom. 13: 8.

2. Note what is revealed regarding Peter's conception of the disciple's relation to the world by two words in I Pet. 2: 11. Note the further thought in vs. 13-17.

3. What is meant by the last clause of James 1: 27? By 4: 4, 5? This does not involve withdrawal from business life, for note the assumption in 4: 13-16 that business life will continue. In what spirit would he have his readers do business?

4. What does John mean by the injunction in I John 2: 15?

It is remarkable that those who so confidently expected the speedy coming of Jesus to overturn existing institutions and establish the new order, could have kept their converts so sanely and soberly in touch with the daily life of the world. They were to be in close contact with everything that was wholesome in the world, looking upon it as coming from him who "giveth us richly all things to enjoy" (I Tim. 6: 17); and yet they were to be of an utterly different spirit from that which dominated the civilization in which they lived. They were to take their part in all its daily work, but to move about among their associates as those possessed by the deep peacefulness of a great and steadfast hope. Read Tit. 2: 11-14.—*E. I. Bosworth in Studies in the Teaching of Jesus and His Apostles.*

HISTORICAL REVIVALS

The Revival of 1859 in Ireland

BY EVANGELIST A. B. STRICKLAND.

One of the few great general revivals that have swept over the world, was the religious awakening in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is generally known as the revival of '59. It commenced simultaneously in Ireland and America and from these places it spread to Canada, Wales, England and Scotland. Its influence was felt in many places on the continent. As a direct result of this movement almost three-fourths of a million souls were known to have professed conversion. It has been said that the Book of Acts is the only book in the Bible that remains incomplete. If that be so then the story of this great revival movement would furnish an additional chapter in the story of the triumphs of the cross of Jesus. The story will be told in four divisions: The Revival in Ireland, the Revival in America, the Revival in Wales, and the last one, the Revival in England, Scotland and other places.

The Irish revival of '59 had its beginning in a prayer meeting. It was a repetition of Pentecost preceded by a prayer meeting. In September, 1857, four young men began to meet for special prayer in Antrim County, in the north of Ireland. They were praying that their labors and that of others in the prayer meetings and Sunday schools

might be eminently owned of God in the conversion of sinners. For months it was the prayer of faith and hope. Then came the first drops of the shower. A few souls were converted. This condition existed for a considerable time. Then a large number of persons were converted so suddenly that the eyes of many were directed to the work. With wonderful rapidity the revival fire spread from town to town, from county to county, and finally from one country to another. From the north of Ireland it spread to the central, western and southern parts of the country. At times it was estimated that the average number of conversions daily reached the thousand mark. Over one hundred thousand were converted in Ulster alone.

It is difficult to describe chronologically the events of such a mighty movement. We know its origin and how in general it spread from county to county. In telling the story of this great awakening we are not telling the story of some great leader, with whose presence in a given community came a mighty revival, but it is rather the describing of a shower that fell simultaneously in hundreds of places. It is interesting to know how it originated and characterized itself in many places.

The first convert in Ballymena was a lad sixteen years of age. After weeks of deep anxiety he found Christ as his personal Saviour. For many weeks he was the only

converted one of a great number of companions. Following his conversion was that of two women of mature age, and also that of an Arian and Roman Catholic family. The spirit of interceding prayer everywhere prevailed. The Presbyterian minister returned after a two days' absence in attending the synod and found the entire community strangely stirred. Christians everywhere were meeting in little bands to pray. Men, women and children were smitten down under the mighty power of God. Meetings for anxious souls were held in the churches and in the homes at all hours of the night and day. During the first week many of the laboring class gave up their daily work in order to assist the ministers in leading souls to Christ. One of these meetings was held in a stone quarry. An audience of five thousand people had been gathered together. The meeting was conducted by young converts. The first speaker was a young man of eighteen who was incapable of putting five words together grammatically. He was followed by five or six others who spoke from hearts filled with gratitude to God for His goodness to them. Then an old gentleman arose immediately; all eyes were directed to him. His speech was characteristic:

"Gentlemen, I stand before you this day as a vile sinner. You have but to look to me and you recognize the profligate of Broughshane. I was the servant of the devil and he led me by that instrument of his, the spirit of the Barley. I brought my wife and family to beggary fifty years ago. But ah, gentlemen, I was born again on last night week. I am therefore a week old today or about. I stand before you this day, not only a pattern of profligacy, but a monument of the perfect grace of God. I am here to tell you that God's work on Calvary is perfect. Yes, I have proved it, for had it not been so, it could not have been capable of reaching the depth of iniquity of ———, the profligate nailor of Broughshane."

Hearing from such witnesses as this, hardened sinners were led to cry out, "What must we do?"

In the town of Coleraine much prayer had been offered to God for a revival. When in the nearby town of Ballymena, the fire was kindled to a blaze, faith and hope grew stronger. United prayer meetings were held. Churchman and dissenter forgot their differences and unitedly prayed for a revival. An eyewitness described the blessing received as a Pentecost. In scores of cottages meetings were held. One of the newspapers had to delay publication for the Spirit of God had convicted the composers, who, instead of setting type, were wrestling in the agonies of prayer. The new town hall was to be formally opened by a ball, but so great was the conviction of sin that all places must be used to accommodate the crowds of souls who were anxious to be saved. Instead of the dance was the revival meeting. In place of dance music could be heard the groans and prayers of anxious sinners. On the streets at midnight could be seen groups of people in the attitude of prayer. The chief business of the town of

Coleraine was pointing sinners to the Lamb of God. In the schools the masters would send the children home to pray, for the deep conviction of sin in their young hearts made study impossible. From Ulster the revival spreads to Cavan County. In Corglass we find the prayers of God's people receiving an answer. The large church is crowded to suffocation. Even the graveyard, surrounding the church, is filled with anxious worshippers. The preacher attempts to preach but is interrupted, for simultaneously from various parts of the church and grave yard arises the wonted cry of anguish and despair. One present compared it to a "house on fire with all the doors shut." The burying ground was soon covered with prostrate forms. At ten o'clock that night the otherwise secluded and peaceful church yard was one vale of sorrow and weeping. In this county the most extensive liquor merchant was converted and renounced his business.

These are but a few of thousands of similar conditions existing in Ireland in those days of special blessing. From these experiences came "The Irish Convert's Hymn":

"While loud as ocean billows
The joys of Britain roll'd,
Their harps were on the willows
Their sorrows were untold;
But now their chains are breaking,
Their harps are off the trees,
And music soul-awakening
Is floating on the breeze.

"May Erin's children singing,
Like angel-choirs above,
Keep hill and valley ringing
With music of his love;
And this, our dearest nation,
In cot and courtly hall,
Hear free and full salvation
Through Jesus, Lord of all."

The results of this religious awakening were permanent and far reaching. At one place so great was the conviction among the employees that a factory was closed for three days. These girls were a loose, disorderly set. When they were converted a great change was noticeable. Their conversation was of Christ, their songs were Gospel hymns and their outward life was exemplary. In many places the converts signed a covenant of which the following is a copy:

"I take God the Father to be my God (1 Thess. I, 9), I take God the Son to be my Saviour (Acts 5: 30), I take God, the Holy Ghost, to be my sanctifier (1 Pet. 1: 2). I take the word of God to be my rule (2 Tim. 3: 16-17). I take the people of God to be my people (Ruth 1: 16-17). I likewise dedicate my whole self to the Lord (Rom. 14: 7-8), and I do this deliberately (Josh. 24: 15), sincerely (2 Cor. 1: 12), freely (Rom. 24: 15-39)."

In every place the churches and chapels were crowded. In one case the Wesleyan Love Feast was so long that the congregation was divided into four sections. The difficulty was to get them out of the chapels, not to get them

in. Another result of this awakening was the brotherly spirit created among the churches. Seceder, Covenant, Assemblyman, Episcopalian and Methodist now sat side by side, listening to the story of the cross, where formerly they would hardly have looked one another in the face. Orange processions had been stopped, which parliament and lieutenant governors could not effect. Instead of inflaming themselves with whiskey, beer or wine, they took their Bibles and went to church. The love for God's word increased. A Bible Society, which in four months in the year preceding the revival, sold 5,329 Bibles, in the revival year in the same four months sold 19,641. The same increase was true in regard to religious reading matter of all kinds.

A Roman Catholic priest condemned the movement in an altar lecture. He ascribed the results to "Satanic Agency." One of his congregation remarked to his companions, "Well, friends, all I have to say is this, if the devil has done all this there must be a new devil, for I am very sure the old one wouldn't do it at all, at all." The fruits of the revival proved its divine origin. From all over Ireland came reports of public houses (saloons) being closed. At Ballymena, on Fair Day, the sales of liquor would amount to \$500.00. On a Fair Day in revival times it dropped to \$250.00. A great distillery in Belfast, capable of turning out a million gallons of whiskey per annum, was advertised to be sold by public auction, either as a whole or piecemeal. The appetites of men were changed and the loss was too great for the distillery. The Maze Races, usually gathering from ten to fifteen thousand people, could congregate a bare five hundred.

This movement, so simple in its origin and so wide-reaching in its results, teaches one great lesson. It is like the Revival on the Day of Pentecost in its suggestiveness of what God will do for his people in every land and age. Had it originated with the Bishop of the Established Church, or with the moderator of the Presbyterian Synod, or with the President of the Wesleyan Conference, or even with some great evangelist, then we would sigh for the time when such a leader should arise in our midst and cry aloud—"Awake, awake, put on thy strength of Zion." It commenced, however, in a prayer meeting with four consecrated laymen, whose desire for an awakening led them to pray with importunity. It was truly a layman's revival. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, so intimately associated with this movement in Ireland, drew these lessons from it:

"God is teaching two lessons in all this. First, that he offers immediate salvation to all who receive his son, Jesus. Secondly, that he employs in the conversion of sinners all sorts of persons. If we are made objects of God's grace, can we stand quiet and silent? God's great work is not being done by ministers but by converts, whose hearts are warm with love and overflowing with the joy of the Lord. Why should not one young lady say to another young lady, her friend—I am saved, why are not you? So long as this work is left to ministers it will never be done. You

who are regenerate must all work if you wish souls to be saved."

(The Revival of '59 in America—May.)

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Results of the Torrey Meetings in Cleveland

What of Torrey? Was the Cleveland Mission a success? Without Mr. Alexander, I questioned the wisdom of inviting Dr. Torrey to Cleveland, "the graveyard of the Evangelist," especially in view of the lack of unity on the part of the ministry. But God was back of the movement; his people were hungry for a great, religious awakening, and prayed down a blessing that fell upon Cleveland like a gentle shower.

The results may be summarized as follows:

1. Cleveland witnessed such a revival as it had not seen in a generation; people discussed religion everywhere; and the attendance upon all meetings exceeded the fondest expectations. It was the topic of conversation upon street cars, in barber shops, at the restaurants, etc., etc. Street marches and hymn singing on street cars were some evidences of public interest.

To the newspapers of this city cannot be given too great credit for their unanimous and enthusiastic support given the movement.

2. Dr. Torrey demonstrated to a certainty that people can be reached without resorting to subterfuge, strategy or sensationalism. A knowledge of "Thus saith the Lord," and mankind is ready, nay anxious to hear your preaching. This fact came as a rebuke to some of our ministry, as an object lesson to all, and a strong mark of encouragement to many of the

discouraged, but loyal preachers of Christ. Dr. Torrey rode no "hobbies," nor advocated any sensational methods; and to the delight of all, he disarmed antagonism by his direct (firm at times), but always loving appeals.

3. Dr. Torrey turned the attention of the church and, especially of those making decisions for Christ, to the need of *Bible Study*; not Bible criticism; not as literature, history or science, but a study of the Bible for its primary purpose, viz: to enlighten, enthuse and energize believers, and prepare them to go forth as effectual witnesses.

4. Dr. Torrey fostered, as perhaps never before in the city of Cleveland, a spirit of personal endeavor. "Christians go to Work!" That this battle cry was acted upon, any fair-minded and observant Christian worker in Cleveland will testify; and further proof, is the organization of a permanent band of Personal Workers, who are going about the city at the present time assisting the various churches in the special meetings that are being conducted by the score, all over Cleveland.

5. Conversions. No statement has as yet been given us to the numerical results, other than that published in the newspapers. That hundreds made a public confession, after an exhaustive and searching test, is known to all. And those churches whose pastors co-operated, whose members invested of time, money and energy, will, of course, be those that will reap the greatest harvest. Since the contrary is also true, some "received no results"—even numbers and prestige not being a sufficiently attractive magnet to draw the converts into their membership.

6. The Torrey Mission demonstrates the fact that God is greater than all beside. Without the united support of all the churches; without the leadership of the strongest pastors (those of some of the numerically leading churches); without the support of any of the wealthy laymen; in a barn of an armory, situated in an inaccessible location, in the midst of a bad neighborhood, with every variety of weather, Dr. Torrey was the instrument in God's hands of conducting the greatest mission held in Cleveland in a generation, ending with no deficit, money on hand and all bills paid. What the results would have been had all united, eternity alone can reveal.—E. O. Sellers.

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